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Hankee Schoolboys Abroad.

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THE BROOKLINE CONTINGENT.

Yankee Schoolboys Abroad;

OR, THE

NEW-ENGLAND-BICYCLE-CLUB

IN { SCOTLAND,
ENGLAND,
AND PARIS.

JULY — SEPTEMBER, 1892.

BROOKLINE, MASS.:

PRESS OF C. A. W. SPENCER, JOYCE'S BUILDING, HARVARD SQUARE.

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PREFACE.

Books of travel and adventure of every description have been so multiplied that this unpretentious little volume cannot, perhaps, claim the charm of novelty, nor, indeed, of interest, for any but the immediate friends of the writers. Unlike the Zigzag and Boy Travellers series, however, it represents actual experiences of twelve school and college lads, who, with two teachers, made a bicycle tour through Scotland and England.

On their return, the first eight of the following articles were read by their writers before schoolmates in the Brookline High School. With additions from other members of the party, these are now printed as a souvenir of a pleasant summer's outing. It is believed that any lack of unity that may be apparent is more than balanced by the freshness and variety of the articles, for each boy has told his story in his own way, dwelling upon whatever interested him most.

As results of a trip singularly free from illness or serious accidents, may be mentioned the benefit physically which came from three months' good comradeship in the open air, an intellectual quickening which travel of any sort promotes, and such a familiarity with the portions of England and Scotland visited as only a cyclist or a pedestrian can acquire.

To some, the tour marked the beginning of a genuine interest in cathedrals and church architecture; others with more practical tastes profited by the opportunity to study the political, industrial and social conditions in Great Britain; and all were quickened to a fresh interest in the literature and history of the dear old mother country.

Incidentally, it was a satisfaction to prove that students, boys and young professional men of limited means, need not postpone their travels until they have amassed fortunes, but that they can go far and see much at the very time when sight-seeing will prove most beneficial.

The average daily expense was about \$2.50; in some places it did not exceed \$1.50. The cost of the trip, including all traveling expenses, was about \$230.

THE HIGH SCHOOL,
Brookline, Feb. 1, 1893.

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- BICYCLE.
 RAILROAD.
 - - - - - STEAMER.

THE ITINERARY.

YANKEE SCHOOLBOYS ABROAD.

I.

New York to Ben Lomond.

Following is a list of the members of our party, or "family," as it was often called: Messrs. D. S. Sanford, the "Captain," J. C. Packard, the "Sub-Captain," William G. Nash, John Taylor, Charles Jenney, otherwise called "My Little Man," Geo. M. Lane, S. Coffin, F. B. Stearns, E. N. and C. N. Wrightington,—all from Brookline. From Connecticut: Sam Scoville, Jr., F. J. Lockwood, Jos. R. Noyes, and Wm. H. Scoville.

On Thursday, the 30th of June, 1892, our bicycle party turned up in force at the Hungaria Hotel, New York. A hasty lunch, and we were off for Allan Pier. By 2.22 p. m., to be mathematically exact, our steamer, the "State of Nevada," was on the move, a thunder-shower meanwhile keeping the New England Bicycle Club under shelter, and, what was worse, out of sight. To conceal our emotion at parting, and to comfort the weeping crowd on the fast receding pier, we cheered. And oh, how we did cheer! Yale, Harvard, Technology, B. H. S., all shared in the general mêlé. Then the on-looking passengers began to inquire who and what we were. (They soon learned, I'll warrant.)

By the time we were tired of making ourselves conspicuous, the weather had cleared and we were steaming down through the Narrows. In a very short time we were beyond Sandy Hook, fairly started on our way across the ocean, with no alternative but to stick to the ship and make the best of it—sea-sickness and all. We were no sooner beyond the point, however, than we struck a blow, and the steamer began to roll most

unmercifully. This was a new sensation, and we began to feel slightly anxious as to the results. One by one the passengers began to "pale" and grow restless. I managed to crawl into a winter overcoat and find a comfortable seat on deck, where all our party sat with closed eyes and silent lips. The wind increased—a sudden roll—and our "Captain" was laid noisily but neatly in the "scuppers,"—chair, man, and steamer-rug in general confusion. Everybody laughed. They do laugh so easily aboard steamer, it seems. My turn came next. I was dozing peacefully, when a huge wave leaped the rail and took me fairly in the mouth. Another laugh, in which I felt it my bounden duty to call up strength enough to join. Then, as if old Neptune couldn't manage us alone, the other elements joined hands to help him. The rain came drizzling down, the thermometer fell, and then the supper bell rang! Some of us braved the horror of the saloon and went below. But we had little to pay for our heroic resolves,—nothing but a bit of boiled mutton quickly eaten, and sardonic grins from the stewards as we silently made our departure. Well, not to dwell upon the fact longer, we were sea-sick, and had to admit it. One comfort there was, however, all in the party but two were "afflicted," and these two did the "serving" act to us, their stricken friends.

Next morning we all felt better, though somewhat "delicate," as one remarked. The day passed, with most of us in our steamer chairs, dozing, sleeping and reading the time away. That night, to show

how much better we all felt, we sang college songs and everything else singable, till late. And so the time passed until Sunday, a glorious day, broke upon us. Now our fellow-passengers began to appear, and we busied ourselves with making their acquaintance. We were favored by several high in authority and of note: a judge from Ontario, a doctor from Rhode Island, professors, lawyers, an elocutionist very famous according to his own accounts, several clergymen,—all making up an interesting party. Then the young ladies!—whom I left unmentioned till the last, by way of climax. We certainly could not complain. We now began to hear from without what sort of figures we had been cutting thus far. Such a miserable, sea-sick, sick-of-everything looking crowd as we must have made those first few days! We certainly were our own advertisement. No need was there to ask, "Are you a member of that bicycle touring party?" It was written on our very faces. There, at full length on the deck, lay a dignified member of the party with somewhat of a dreamy, indefinite expression about the mouth—another, as sedate as the first, wandered aimlessly up and down, dressed in a blue sweater, and decked in a felt hat, which the word "ancient" would not half describe. At the bow sat a fellow asleep, head thrown back, mouth open, and in it a lemon peel, which someone had been so unkind as to place there. Another lay dozing in a steamer chair, with cheeks burned a fiery, lobster-like red. "My Little Man," as one of us was sarcastically called, looked disgusted with everybody,—himself, I know, included. But as we began to revive, each and all vowed to take a pleasanter view of life thereafter.

The Fourth of July passed uneventfully. I should mention, however, the startling bill of fare at dinner: Republican soup, cutlets à la Blaine, Protection pudding with

McKinley sauce, Democratic soup, stewed veal and Tammany Hall sauce, Governor pudding with Cleveland sauce. There was something for everybody, from a Mugwump to a Prohibitionist. Surely that was celebration enough for one day—at least so we thought after it was over.

Next morning we awoke to a grand sight. The wind was blowing "half a hurricane," the sea had risen and we were rushing along in splendid style. All day long we sat on the hurricane deck; watching the foaming sea. In front and astern of us the waves rose at times from thirty to forty feet high, and rushed down as if to swamp our steamer, but still we pushed on. The sea's blue was now an angry green, and the white caps surrounded us as far as we could see. Instead of falling, as time passed the wind increased, and by evening a heavy gale was blowing. A pitchy night followed. Some claimed that once, only once, however, the steamer rolled completely over, so quickly that one's senses could not dispute the statement. Perhaps it did for aught we know. At any rate, we found next morning that the wheel-house had been smashed in and that the sea had raised trouble generally. What was worse, we found a heavy rolling swell ready for us when we reached the deck; and we spent the day meditating upon all the discomforts of anticipated seasickness. In fact, from a jolly, joking crowd the passengers had changed to a gloomy, sour-looking party. We knew this could not last, however, and we were right. Next day all were better, and our Fourth-of-July sports came off. Our "boys" managed to capture the majority of the prizes, much to our pride and gratification. Thus the time passed, slowly to be sure, but not decidedly unpleasantly. Several concerts helped to enliven matters, and such games as "shuffle board" and "hop-

skotch" passed away the time. At last Sunday arrived and the longed-for land appeared. All day we skirted the north shore of Ireland—a beautiful, fertile country, apparently. That day seemed perfect in every way. Land was in sight, the sky was clear and bright, and everything seemed welcoming us to that land we had come to see. By six that night we were in the Firth of Clyde, a magnificent and beautiful body of water. We were hemmed in on all sides by a rocky and mountainous coast, the only inhabitants of which were thousands upon thousands of gulls. The scenery was wild in the extreme, and when the sun set there fell upon the water that beautiful northern twilight one hears so much about. The landscape was rendered a hazy blue, which, together with a full moon, made a picture not soon forgotten. Then came the River Clyde, and next morning we awoke beside the Glasgow pier.

Uncrating and cleaning up wheels occupied a large part of the morning. Then we bade good bye to old Ocean and to our ship, which I, for one, could hardly call gallant, though "gallant ship" does sounds poetic and quotation-like. The next few days we looked over the city, and the city most decidedly looked us over. With our ill-fitting suits and our peculiar hats we passed for Germans, Russians, Spaniards, Italians, Yankees, and I hardly know what not. But a stare was not sufficient; after it there inevitably came the question, "Where are you from?" "Oh, from America, are you?" Then, with a con-celled chuckle, "Did you ride over on your wheels?" That passed all very well for a poor joke, but when the third dozen began the same thing we were no longer in a condition to admire British wit.

Then we stranded on English money. After spending by no means a short time in conquering expressions like "thr'pence" and "t'pence," and in learning values and

such troublesome things, I entered a restaurant, and with a bold and serious face ordered a "h'pence tart." I got the tart, but a laugh on the girl's face showed that she thought "a h'pence" rather a peculiar piece of money.

Shopping troubled us, too; but then shopping does always trouble fellows. I have hardly spoken of the city itself yet. Glasgow impresses one as a clean, finely built city. It boasts well paved streets, fine bridges, neat hotels, and has besides a cathedral and a fine university. But the city is perhaps most famous for the building of wooden and iron-clad ships. The "trams" are large "double deckers," with huge advertisements of "Sunlight Soap," and are drawn by horses which are "thoroughbreds" as compared with ours.

In sight-seeing of this sort several days went by. The majority of us thus passed the time, while the "would-be" Tech students labored on their "exams." But by Wednesday we were off, on our bicycles, for the Highlands of the Scottish lakes. First our luggage troubled us. We had not brought this down to a science as yet. So when we did really get started we were in no mood for agreeable conversation. But the fine roads and splendid day soon brought back our spirits and we spun along in fine style. Pretty stone villas lined the way, and the neat farm-houses, with their thatched roofs and trailing roses, made a pretty picture. At Dumbarton Castle we made a short stop. The structure is situated on a high rock some 300 feet above the sea. Mary Queen of Scots, Lord Darneley, and Wallace figure in the history of the castle, but beyond these bits of historical associations the castle is not intensely interesting. The town beyond, with its famous ship yards and veritable "election-day" mob, ought perhaps to have detained us, but we had the true "scorching" spirit and were too eager for riding. So on we

went till luncheon stopped us. A beautiful spot we were in, too—Balloch its name. Loch Lomond lay picturesquely beyond. To vary the monotony of riding, several of us hired a boat and paddled some distance up the lake. One reckless fellow thought to take a plunge, but so quickly was it done that he hardly got a wetting. Cold water that was. Then we pushed leisurely on; and so beautiful was the afternoon's ride that we seemed even at that slow pace to be losing its beauties. The road wound in and out along the loch, giving a different and always beautiful picture at every turn. But when Inverbeg was reached, half way up the lake, we were glad to stop for the night; and a tired and hungry crowd we were. That night, how we did eat! When the third dozen eggs was ordered the proprietor's face wore a tired expression, which changed to a haggard quite forsaken look as we asked for more. However, he did his best and we felt grateful.

Next morning, leaving our wheels at Inverbeg hotel we were off across the lake for Ben Lomond, one of the so-called high mountains of Scotland. Nothing but his head could be seen, the mist hid all else. But we started bravely up. Our Yale

"sprinter" set the pace, and a lively one it was. He quickly had us puffing and already winded; but we still kept on. Soon the foremost five or so were far ahead. The mist grew denser and denser. Finally the fellows stopped, ostensibly to admire the view, though where it was might be hard to say. But we were soon on our way again, and finally the "top" appeared. Just then, though, the mist cleared a little and a half dozen such "tops" were seen far ahead. Discouraging as this was, we wouldn't stop, so the climb kept on. Five miles and more of such work and, finally, a rush, and we were there. In place of the splendid view we had expected we got nothing but mist and a look at old "Benjamin's hoary head." Tired and disgusted we started back. One by one the stragglers appeared, blissfully ignorant of what was before them. But we let them continue on their way, glad indeed that they could enjoy themselves so easily. At last the climb was over, stiff and hard though it was. We finally all returned to Inverbeg. A short rest, and we were soon on our wheels for Tarbet; but what happened then will be told in our next.

C. N. WRIGHTINGTON.

II.

On to Edinburgh.

It was on Thursday, July 14th, that, after climbing Ben Lomond, we continued on our ride to Tarbet. We had gone but a short distance, however, when "my little man" was obliged to go back for his trumpet, and, in consequence, nearly lost his noon lunch at Tarbet. From that spot we boarded a little steamer, which we completely filled, and started for Inversnaid. On the way across Loch Lomond we passed an excursion steamer and greeted her with a Yale cheer, much to the astonishment of her passengers.

On reaching Inversnaid, we left our wheels by a stone wall and walked to Rob Roy's cave. The cavern was not at all imposing, and Rob Roy could not have had a very easy time while living there; in fact, a good-sized furnace would be quite as comfortable as an abiding-place.

After leaving the cave, we pushed our bicycles up a steep and rough hill, at the top of which one of our party nearly committed manslaughter by telling four bicyclists whom we met that the road was smooth at the foot of the hill, when, in fact, it ended in a stone wall. We heard later that the four fellows met the wall at the bottom, and were carried into the hotel for repairs.

After a ride of three miles down hill, we reached Stronachlachar Hotel at the head of Loch Katime. The view from this spot was magnificent, for we could see almost the whole lake, and also the range of mountains which encircle it.

The next morning at about eight

o'clock we started on the steamer Rob Roy down the lake, passing Ellen's Isle on our way; at about nine we reached The Trossachs, where we landed, and, mounting our wheels, we went on. The ride through this pass was interesting, but was much shorter than we had anticipated. After passing the Trossachs Hotel and one or two coaching parties, we at length came into Callander. Here we rested for a little while, and then pushed on to Doune Castle. At this place our worthy captain succeeded so well in keeping on the right side of the road that he collided with another bicyclist, much to the latter's disgust. It might be well to state that in Great Britain one is expected to turn to the left, as the law directs. The exterior of Doune Castle looked so uninteresting that we had no desire to explore its interior; and we mounted our wheels and rode on to Dunblane, hoping to visit its Gothic Cathedral; unfortunately the building was undergoing repairs, and we could see only the outside.

Now, we were off for Stirling. On our way we passed the Wallace monument, a very handsome tower standing upon a hill top, and at seven o'clock we reached the old town and stopped for the night at a hotel which was Royal only in name.

The next morning we visited Stirling Castle and from the walls saw the battle-fields of Stirling and of Bannockburn. It was in this castle that Mary Queen of Scots passed some of the happiest moments of her life, and our guide feelingly referred to "the 'appy 'alf 'ours that un-

fortunate Mary Queen of Scots spent in this 'ere castle."

Returning to our hotel we packed our luggage, mounted our wheels, and started for Edinburgh. On the way thither we passed Falkirk, where we saw the ruins of an old Roman wall, and Linlithgow which at once called up the lines from Marmion:

"Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling."

Here it was that Mary Queen of Scots was born, and the prediction was fulfilled, for the kingdom which "came with a lass," went "with a lass." It was from an inn in the town of Linlithgow in 1888 that James G. Blaine sent his final refusal to become a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and later his famous telegram congratulating General Harrison upon his success; so, in time, Linlithgow may become famous in American as well as in Scottish history.

From Linlithgow the road to Edinburgh stretches up hill for twenty-one miles. Our first act in Walter Scott's "own romantic town," was to eat our dinner in the window of a restaurant, much to the delight of the passers-by. In this city the party was separated; our friends from the "Nutmeg state," our Captain and the writer being lodged in one house, while the rest of the party found comfortable quarters in a house a few doors away. We found keeping house much pleasanter than living in hotels, for we could be by ourselves when we so desired.

The next day being Sunday we attended a military service at St. Giles Cathedral. The music was rendered by

an organ and a full military band, and, owing to the size of the cathedral, the combination of tone was exceedingly pleasant to the ear.

Monday we visited Edinburgh castle. In the outer court soldiers were drilling. The step was very quick, being one hundred and forty to the minute, and the evolutions and manual were not unlike those recently adopted by the United States Army. In the castle our poetical guide, spoke of the "ravages of the tooth of time," and alluded to the "mists of antiquity." The most interesting places in the castle were Queen Margaret's Chapel, the oldest in Scotland, the apartment in which the Scottish regalia is kept, and the room in which James VI. of Scotland was born. This monarch became James I. of England, thereby uniting the two kingdoms.

From the castle we went to St. Giles Cathedral to see the royal pew, a most unpretentious affair, the city buildings, and the court house. The wigs and gowns of the judges and barristers in the last-named building gave us a great deal of amusement.

The next day we spent in shopping on Princes street, the most remarkable mercantile street in the world. On one side are the stores, while on the other are the beautiful Princes Street Gardens in the midst of which stands the National monument to Sir Walter Scott. In the evening one of the Yale boys went out to get a Scotch "hair-cut." He obtained his desire, and for weeks thereafter he reminded one painfully of an escaped convict.

On Wednesday we went down to Roslyn. The ride was a hard one, for the roads were poor, but two of the party enlivened the journey by a wordy battle

with a farmer, who objected to the ringing of the bicycle bell. As we rode on we heard him say, "You Englishmen think you own the earth!" It was, I think, the only time we were taken for Englishmen while on our trip. It is an impossibility for me to describe Roslyn chapel within the limits of this paper; suffice it to say then, that it is considered to be one of the most beautiful pieces of ecclesiastical architecture in Great Britain. The labor upon the building was not done for pay, but for love of religion. Every bit of carving is symbolic, so we were very fortunate in having a guide who appreciated its beauties and could unfold them to us. Even the roof high above our heads showed the most delicate stonework.

The story of two of the pillars in Roslyn chapel is extremely interesting. The first, the Master's pillar, was carved by the master-builder himself. When the founder of the chapel saw it he was not satisfied and desired a handsomer one to be

placed in the corresponding spot on the other side of the chapel. To obtain a design for this pillar the Master made a journey to Rome. When he returned he found to his dismay that his apprentice had designed and executed a pillar which he could not hope to equal. In a burst of rage and jealousy he murdered his rival.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

But I do know that the pillars named for the master and his apprentice are still standing and help to corroborate the old tradition. From Roslyn some of the party went to Hawthornden Castle to explore the famous caves in which the much-travelled Robert Bruce is said to have hidden himself.

The next day, after some difficulty in getting the party together, we left Edinburgh en route for Melrose. The account of that ride, however, belongs to another.

WILLIAM G. NASH.

SEPTEMBER 28, 1892.

III.

Abbotsford, Melrose, Dryburgh, Durham.

After lunch, we left Edinburgh, as related in the last chapter, and set out for Galashiels. To our dismay we discovered that one member of our party was missing. Where he was nobody knew; but, as we never called out the town-crier in such a case, we went on our way, feeling sure that the missing member would turn up when he was least expected. We had received directions from our commander-in-chief to proceed to Galashiels, a small town which lies about twenty-five miles southeast of Edinburgh, and the fast riders had orders to wait for the slower members of the party at Stowe. Each one rode along as he pleased, some being far ahead while others were way behind. After riding a few miles, we came to a very steep hill, and as there was a carriage ahead of us, the "little man," who, I am sorry to say, was often inclined to be lazy, caught on behind this vehicle and coasted up the hill, a most remarkable feat. At another place on the road we heard a second team behind us, coming along at a furious pace; we started our horses up and had an exciting race for a mile or two. As the road was on a down grade, the iron steeds kept forging ahead, while the driver beat his horses most unmercifully in endeavoring to gain on our two-wheelers, but in vain.

After a ride of an hour or more we discovered our lost member lying down in the grass by the highway, and from all appearances, just on the point of giving up all hope of ever seeing us again. We found him making friends with the rabbits, who seemed capable of giving but little consolation in an affliction like his. We dismounted, and to avoid all possibility of a mistake, proceeded to "count noses" again, when, to our consternation,

we discovered that our "Orator" was gone. We came to the conclusion that he had taken a wrong turn, so we pushed straight on for Stowe, which was soon reached. Here, four or five of us stopped to wait for the lost man to appear. He soon arrived, and we went into the inn for our supper. The proprietor made the remark that, as he had previously made arrangements to entertain another party, he could give us little to eat. We told him that we would be satisfied with a *very little*! What we lacked in food was made up to us by the attentions of a charming maid. She brought in some very queer looking milk for our tea. I asked her if it was buttermilk. She replied, in a disgusted manner, "Why, man alive, that is cream; don't yer know 'crame' when yer see it?" Well, I was squelched.

After finishing supper, we again started for Galashiels, which we reached after a delightful coast of several miles. And oh, what a coast that was! Our Sub-Captain remarked that the mile-posts flew by like the telegraph poles on a railroad! We stopped over night at the "C. T. C. Hotel," and the next morning set out for "Abbotsford," the home of Sir Walter Scott. The house is pleasantly situated on a little knoll, at the foot of which flows the river Tweed, the river that Scott loved so well. Scott, as we know, was very fond of collecting relics of various kinds. Three rooms at Abbotsford are filled with ancient armor and weapons. Among the most interesting objects that we saw were a pouch, a gun, and a purse, all of which once belonged to Rob Roy McGregor. The rooms which interested us most, however, were the study and the library. These rooms were crowded with books and other objects of interest. Two things

stand out plainly in my memory; one, the mask of Scott, taken after his death; the other, a full-length portrait of his son, Captain Scott. The study and library are lined with books; the guide said that there were ten thousand volumes in the collection. A short flight of stairs leads from Scott's bedroom to the study below; so that when a thought came into his mind at night he could go at once to his library and make the impression permanent in written words.

While we were in the waiting room at Abbotsford, looking at the visitors' book, a young lady suddenly appeared in the doorway. At first view we did not recognize her, but a second glance showed us one of our friends from the "B. H. S." Naturally we were surprised and delighted to see her. On comparing notes, we found that we were to travel on the same train as far as Newcastle. One who has never found himself far from home cannot realize how enjoyable it is to meet a friend in a strange land. Just as we were leaving the grounds, a very forlorn old man, with a hickory stick, said to our captain, "Aren't you going to remember me?" The captain, with a merry twinkle in his eye, asked him if he was one of Scott's descendants. The man replied that he was not one of the family, but that it was our duty to remember him, as he had looked after our bicycles. The captain did not bite, but quietly remarked: "Into the saddle, boys, and push on to Melrose." The disappointed custodian of our wheels screamed in our wake, "You are no gentleman." Of course we felt sorry to leave such a character behind us, but we felt that time was money and so we pushed on.

Melrose Abbey, even in its ruined state, is considered as the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in Scotland. Many of the pillars have fallen; still those that are left standing give us an idea of what the church was like when it was in its full

glory. The carving on some of the capitals is very fine. On the capital of one of the columns which helps to support the central tower the sculptor has represented the curly green, or kale, which grows in all the gardens of Scotland. The carving on the roof is exquisite, also; on the keystones are represented scenes taken from Scripture history. The intersections of the arches are ornamented with large knots of flowers. And we felt that we knew what Scott meant when he said:

"The darkened roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty and light and small;
The keystones that locked each ribbed aisle
Was a fleur-de-lys or a quatre-feuille;
The corbels were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourished around,
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had
bound."

We saw in a corner of the south transept the grave of that famous wizard, Michael Scott. At the foot of the grave is a figure, which many people regard as the very likeness of the Wizard himself. Just over the grave is the east window, in which was the pane kissed by the moonbeam when it "threw on the pavement a bloody stain." In the chancel is buried the heart of Robert Bruce.

"O fading honor of the dead!
O high ambition lowly laid!"

The best view of the exterior of the abbey is obtained from the southeast corner of the churchyard, but—

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oeil glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately
Seemed framed of ebony and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,

And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And home returning soothly swear,
Was never a scene so sad and fair!"

Dryburgh Abbey, the burial place of the Last Minstrel, was our next objective point. We crossed the Tweed, not by Michael Scott's "curb of stone," but by a swinging bridge. Dryburgh is not near so fine architecturally as Melrose, still it is most interesting, for it contains Scott's Tomb. One of the walls still holds a beautiful rose window, and in the crypt are dungeons, where refractory monks used to be confined. Bidding good bye to "Scott-land," we returned to St. Boswell's Station and waited for the train which was to take us to Newcastle-on-Tyne.

As we had not planned to have a regular meal the Captain gave orders for each fellow to provide himself with crackers and cheese, cookies, and one or two bottles of lemonade or ginger ale. As the train came along, eight of us went into one compartment, and six into another. Oh! what a day we had; drinking, eating and singing all the latest songs, such as Ta, Ra Ra Ra, Boom-de-ay. When the train stopped at a station, and people threatened to come into our compartment, all we did was to show the "bottle," and the travelling public kept clear of us.

We arrived at Newcastle a little after ten at night and started to ride to the Crown Hotel, when a little kid yelled out, "Say mister, you'se'll get run in if you'se don't light yer lamps." As we had no lamps to light we were obliged to dismount and walk to the hotel. The next morning the party divided up; some went to the Castle, some to the Cathedral, others set out for Durham, while the rest stayed at the hotel to write letters home. At a certain time we who had remained in Newcastle also started for Durham. On the road one of our number committed a cold-

blooded murder by running over a big, fat hen. The farmer came running out and saw the wheelman fall over. He asked our friend if he was hurt, but the fellow was so filled with remorse, that all he could say was "Oh, Gee!"

Durham is in the midst of the mining country and in consequence it is a very dirty city. As we came into the town we saw all the people out arrayed in their best. When we inquired the meaning of all this festivity we were told that a miner's holiday was on. We went to the Three Tuns Hotel. The landlady was a very fat woman and whether the hotel was named after her or whether it was so called on account of the quantity of beer kept there, we could not really tell. We now went to see where Durham's "Gothic shade looks down upon the Wear." This great cathedral was founded in 1093 in honor of St. Cuthbert and it was here that his wandering bones found a resting place. The architecture is of various periods: Early Norman, Norman, Transitional, Early English, and Decorated, although there are but few examples of the last two periods. In fact, the architecture of nearly the whole church belongs to the Norman period. All the pillars of the nave are magnificent great columns, which taper a little as they approach the capitals. The decoration throughout the church is quite simple, still it is hard to believe that it was all done with the hatchet. As we stood at the west end of the church and looked toward the altar screen we were thoroughly impressed with the grandeur of "St. Cuthbert's holy pile." After listening to the vesper service we went back to the "Three Tuns" for our bicycles and were soon on the road for Bishop Auckland. That evening we went out to a fair which was going on in the market place. Here our American boys distinguished themselves by distancing all comers at the famous Coconut Shy.

On the next day, which was Sunday, we mounted our wheels and pushed on to Barnard Castle. That night some of our fellows got to fooling in their rooms and they made so much noise that when the Captain asked what the matter was, the landlord replied, "Why, they are a hactin'."

The next morning, bright and early, we took the train for Appleby. Here we mounted our safeties and started for Penrith. As we left Appleby we started down a very steep hill, and as we supposed it would be all right at the foot, we "let her go." But when we reached the

bottom the road made a sharp turn, and, as two or three fellows were going very fast they could not possibly make the turn; so they were thrown from their machines. One fellow was skinned quite badly, so that we had to get out our medicine stores, and oh, what a collection we made! hamamelis, vaseline, ointment, brandy, bandages, and, to crown all, a bottle of Squibb's cholera medicine! After patching up the wounded and sending them ahead, the remainder set out for Penrith, which was soon reached.

G. M. LANE.

IV.

The English Lakes, York, Sheffield, Chatsworth, and Haddon Hall.

We left Penrith about half-past 2, and started along the shore of Ulswater for Patterdale. The road wound in and out by the lake, sometimes near the shore, and then wending along through the woods, allowing only an occasional glimpse of the water through the trees. Some of the boys, attracted by the clearness of the water, took a plunge, but did not remain in long, for they found the temperature very low. The scenery on the shores of the lake put one very forcibly in mind of the Scottish lake region. Patterdale was reached about 6 o'clock, and the "White Lion Hotel" received our party for the night. The landlady was overjoyed at the sudden rush of business which we had brought to her house, and took frequent journeys to a small bottle, so that by supper time she was in a very mellow condition. After supper, some of the more adventurous spirits went for another swim, while others climbed a mountain back of the hotel. All managed to reach the hotel by 9 o'clock, however, for at that time supper was served. Although we had eaten a good meal at 6, we were prompt to keep our engagement for the second evening repast. Bed-time came next, and we were not long in getting to sleep.

Early the following morning we were on the road to Keswick. At first the road was smooth, and we bowled along in fine style. Then we turned our backs on the lake, and began to ascend. The road became steeper and steeper, and very soon all were on foot, pushing their wheels ahead of them. After two miles of climbing, this mode of procedure became somewhat tiresome, especially as no top appeared. At last, however, a level spot was reached. Here we all sat down on a

bank by the roadside and read our guide-books, while one of our number, in a finely modulated voice, read "How the Water comes down at Lodore." Then we said, "We, too, will go to Lodore and see this famous cataract that Southey has described." From our resting-place two roads branched off. When we were ready to go on, a discussion arose as to which path we ought to take. Two or three of the boys took the right-hand road, which led them down-hill, and was smooth and well shaded. Happy mortals they were! Hardly had they got out of sight and hearing, and while we were preparing to follow them, "The Orator," who was always looking for new turns, came up and said that a man had told him that the left branch was the shortest. The road did not look very inviting, for it was an upward incline, full of round stones, and not a tree was to be seen. However, we had confidence in our "Orator," and up we went. The day was very warm; jackets and sweaters were soon discarded, and on we toiled for half a mile. A farmhouse came into sight, and a halt was called for lunch, for we were all hungry, or "grub-struck," as one of the boys elegantly expressed it. A deputation was sent on ahead to see what could be found in the way of eatables. The result of their mission was two and a half gallons of milk, three pots of jam, and a lot of bread. We tried to divide the spoils fairly, but, although some of us had studied solid geometry, no one person was able to separate three pots of jam into eleven equal parts. Doubtless this problem could have been solved if only the jam had been a permanent quantity. We were all lightning calculators, and each was able to snatch his share at an instant's

notice. The children who lived in the farm-house thought we were strange beings from another sphere, and, as they all wore wooden shoes and were hatless, they looked equally odd to us. After this feast, which cost each one of us four pence, or about eight cents in American money, we marched away up the hill, and at last reached the top; then began the descent. This was worse than the ascent had been, for the road was so bad that it was impossible for us to ride, and holding back our heavy wheels was more tiresome than pushing them before us. As we toiled on, the appearance of the country changed. We had been traveling through a fertile, well-wooded region; now we had come into a barren waste, and as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but brown heather and innumerable sheep, and like the cattle in Wordsworth's poem, "forty were feeding like one." We wished our feast was a perpetual one like theirs.

Several streams crossed the road, and as there were no bridges, we had to cross as best we could. On reaching one of these "torrents," our valiant sub-captain thought that he had a nice plan for getting across. Behold him now, with his wheel on his back, gingerly stepping from stone to stone! He was nearly across, and we were just going to cheer enthusiastically, when the stone upon which his foot was placed turned over, and down he went up to his knees in the cold water. We concluded not to take our wheels across in that way. After two or three miles of this sort of travelling, the high road was reached, and soon we were spinning along towards Keswick. As we approached the town we saw two bicycles by the side of the road, and as we came up two voices cried out: "Where, under the canopy, have you fellows been?" Voices and vehicles belonged to the two fortunate fellows who had gone on ahead. Then we

turned to the "Orator" for an explanation, but he was already vanishing down the road in a cloud of dust.

The first objective point in Keswick, as in many other places, was the bun-shop; and again we performed the Benjamin Franklin act. Then we went to the lead-pencil factory. Whether the methods in vogue at this establishment are the most approved or not, I cannot say, for I have never seen lead pencils made anywhere else; but I can with truth assert that the pencils are excellent and have stood the test of time. Our order for pencils did not tax the capacity of the factory, and yet many souvenirs of the "Keswick Lead Pencil Works" are to be seen in Brookline today.

The Falls of Lodore were next on our programme. Our way thither took us through a most beautiful region. Tall trees, beeches and oaks, gave a delicious shade, and walls thickly overgrown with ivy bordered the road, while here and there we caught glimpses of the lake through the trees, and the picture was complete. The road itself was delightfully smooth, and the pleasures of the afternoon more than made up for the sorrows of the morning. Our hopes were high and we were on our way to Lodore. We found the hotel at the Falls a very imposing edifice; a small boy with a great many shining buttons on his jacket impressed us still more with the magnificence of the establishment. Unlocking a door which led into the garden, he said, "Tuppence apiece, please." As we had come all the way from America to see the Falls of Lodore, we paid the required sum and passed through. After walking along a very pretty little bridge, a small stream of water met our view. One of the boys, in joke, asked a native if this quiet stream was the Falls of Lodore. To our astonishment the answer was "Yes." He added: "The water is unusually low for this time

of year;" but we were not pacified, and nothing but the "two shillings fourpence" which we had paid to the boy in buttons would have satisfied our yearning souls. But we never saw that boy again. The ride back to Keswick was not all a delight, as the ride out to Lodore had been, but the thought of supper spurred us on. Again disappointment awaited us; this time it was more cruel than before, for we found to our dismay that all the hotels in Keswick were full and that we must ride on fifteen miles to the next town, which was Grassmere. It was the only thing to do, so on we went. Just out of Keswick a tremendous hill dismounted the whole crowd, and one discontented spirit said that he had come prepared to rough it a little, but this was a little too much. However, determined not to lose any sights by the way, three of the party visited the "Druid Circle" at the top of the hill. We were glad that we did not miss seeing this great ring of huge stones, which those mysterious priests set up, for we were afterwards told that this ruined temple was second only to Stonehenge in interest.

The road now wound down hill and through a beautiful valley. A long steep hill had then to be climbed, but a coast of six miles into Grasmere put us all in good spirits. Our captain, who had gone on ahead, met us at the door of the "Prince of Wales Hotel" with the welcome news that we were to stay there over night. He was greeted with a cheer.

We devoted the next morning to Wordsworth's memory. We saw the church where the poet is buried, and we visited Dove Cottage, which is pleasantly situated in the midst of a plot of orchard ground, overlooking the lake of Grasmere. While at the church, some mischievous individual filled the bugle with small stones, much to the owner's disgust, and he left the church in hardly a Wordsworthian state of mind. On our way out

of town we passed our hotel and found that the proprietor had hoisted the Stars and Stripes in our honor. We halted and saluted the flag with three times three.

From Grassmere to Rowness our wheels carried us comfortably over the old stage road. At the last-named town we bade farewell to the Lake district and took the train for York. During our journey by rail we had an opportunity to test several of the weak points of English railroads. We travelled forty miles, changed cars—carriages, I should say—four times, shifting our wheels ourselves each time, and were forty minutes late. At Leeds the train went on, while we were left lamenting because the porter would not let us put our wheels into the van. He said we hadn't time to do it, and although we knew better, from sad experience, we were forced to abide by his decision. We took the train two hours later and reached York at midnight. York was our first walled town, and we examined the old fortifications with great curiosity. The Cathedral claimed our attention next, and the afternoon was spent very pleasantly in wandering around the great building.

Early the next day we were off by train for Sheffield. The general opinion in Glasgow had been that no city could be more smoky, but Sheffield caused us to change our minds. Ever since we had been old enough to own a jack-knife we had understood the significance of the mark, "Rogers, Sheffield," and now that we were actually in that town, we determined to see the famous cutlery works of Joseph Rogers & Sons. Through the courtesy of the U. S. Consul, Mr. Folsom, all the doors were open to us and we saw the entire process of knife-making, from the forging of the blade to the last bit of fine polish put upon the finished knife. One piece of work was intensely interesting to us; this was a knife of eighteen

hundred and ninety blades, each with a cutting edge and capable of being closed. We were told that five more blades were to be added in 1895.

Bakewell was our next stopping place. While at breakfast the next morning, a great crowd on the bridge attracted our attention. Out we rushed to find four elephants taking their morning bath in the stream. At 9 o'clock we were all ready to go on to Chatsworth, which was reached about dinner time. Here a very amusing incident occurred. We were being shown over the Duke of Devonshire's garden, and had all stopped to admire a beautiful fountain, placed in a little arbor. Our two captains, overcome by curiosity, ventured

into this little arbor and were enjoying the prospect, when suddenly the place was filled with streams of water that seemed to come from all directions at once. The dignity of our two leaders experienced a sudden fall and a grand scramble ensued. Our guide had slipped away, upon seeing two victims in his trap, and turned on the water as a little surprise; he succeeded very well in his object. Our suspicions were aroused and thereafter we carefully avoided all arbors and grottoes.

Rowsley and Haddon Hall were visited in their turn. At Rowsley we boarded a train and proceeded to Leamington, where we arrived in due time.

FRED. B. STEARNS.

V.

“Shakespeare’s England.”

“Leafy Leamington,” Rugby, Kenilworth, Warwick, Coventry and Stratford.

The last account closed with the arrival of the party at Leamington, about two o'clock on Sunday, July 31. As has been intimated, our Captain reached Leamington the day before; he was at the station to meet us, but he had not been sure as to the hour of our coming, so he had given no orders for the Sunday dinner; this obliged us to wait until five o'clock for our feed. While we were waiting, we found out what arrangements had been made for our stay in this place, which was to last until Friday, Aug. 5. Two boarding-houses had been engaged, numbered 9 and 11 Hamilton terrace. Our Yale friends, Coffin and I, had the honor of being allowed to live at No. 9, while it was considered that both the captains were necessary at No. 11 to keep the rest of the party in proper order. We kept our bicycles in a small, leaky greenhouse behind No. 9, while the others kept their wheels in the cellar of their residence. In front of the houses was a green with a cannon on it, and on the other side of the green stood the town hall and library combined, and the theatre. Leamington has a little larger population than Brookline, and I think the two towns could be compared very favorably with each other. Leamington derives its wealth from the mineral springs which were discovered there about a century ago. As there were no smoky factories, the town was, I think, the cleanest and prettiest place that we saw during the whole trip. On the principal street, called the Parade, the Royal pump-rooms were found; here one can have Russian or Turkish baths, in water drawn from saline, sulphurous, or chalybeate springs. Here, also, is a

fine swimming tank, one hundred feet long and forty feet wide, which was patronized by the party several times; fee, 6d each. Adjoining the Royal pump-rooms are the gardens of the establishment, with a band concert every evening; and opposite, are the Jephson Gardens, with brass band, maze, and other attractions, all for 3d; and our lodgings were within two minutes' walk of all these interesting places.

After getting our bicycles put away, and drawing lots for rooms and beds, and settling other points which would lead to trouble if not definitely decided upon, we walked to the Bath Hotel for dinner. See us now in a large room all to ourselves, seated at a long table loaded with meat, vegetables, puddings, and pies. Our Captain at one end, carving a large joint of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, supplied the demand for those articles, while our Junior Captain at the other end struggled manfully with a leg of roast mutton; but to divide it into fourteen parts, proportional respectively to the appetites of the different members, and then to be ready to serve second and third helps, was a problem which could not be solved by any of the methods of plane or solid geometry. Every member of the party had some dish to look out for; a greengage tart was my share.

The Brookline contingent at No. 9 went to church that evening. A young lady across the aisle handed us a hymn-book. Inside the cover was her name, Bessie M. Brown, and the photograph of a handsome young man. On looking around us, we soon matched the photograph with a fellow who sat near by. We saw “Bessie” and the original of the picture going home

together after the service, and we thought, "The Old World has its romance as well as the New."

Monday morning, August 1, the whole party started early for Rugby, about 15 miles away. The roads were "sand-pa-pered," and we were soon at the entrance of the famous school we had come to visit. The "boys" (there were about 500 of them,) were off for their holidays, and it was "Bank Holiday" for all England, besides; but, in spite of adverse circumstances, we hunted up one of the masters, who unlocked the gates for us and let us in without written examinations. He kindly showed us around, and we saw the different rooms spoken of by Thomas Hughes in his book. The school has increased so much since "Tom Brown's" time that the main rooms of Dr. Arnold's day are now used for separate classes. We noticed that there were fine chemical and physical laboratories, and were glad to find that Rugby was not behind the times. All the desks and tables were cut up with names and figures. The dining-table was a large oak plank, four feet wide and two inches thick. This was covered all over with names and initials, some of them six inches high and half an inch deep. After seeing the chapel, in which Dr. Arnold is buried, we went into the field, which, I judge, contains ten or a dozen acres, and watched a game of cricket. Most of us found this rather slow, and were glad enough to leave the school-grounds to get a mid-day meal. While we were eating the lunch, we saw some men riding polo ponies and carrying the sticks that are used in striking the ball. We followed them and watched the game, but an approaching storm hurried us along to Leamington. All but three of the party got thoroughly wet. This was the first rain we had "struck" on our bicycles.

Leamington is a very easy town to get out of, but I always had trouble finding

the house on returning. Coming back from Rugby, two of us rode about four miles around the town in the rain looking for our lodgings. As we had neglected to inform ourselves concerning the name of the street, we could not well inquire our way. At last we thought that we saw a familiar church spire, and we rode along with hope in our hearts. Suddenly we saw our Yale sprinter coming toward us on his bicycle. He was *wet*, and he did look peculiar. "Where are you going?" "Home," said we. "Where are you going?" "Home," said he. We passed each other, and after trying a few more turns, we reached the desired place. We were wet, and we had to dry our bicycles before drying ourselves. Our only consolation was that the sprinter came in ten minutes later in about the same condition.

That evening, two of us went to the theatre. The company was playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the "Octoroon." The acting was good for nothing, and the singing was worse; but we got our 6d worth out of the audience in the gallery. Every one kept his hat on, the majority were smoking; there were three rows going on at the same time in different parts of the gallery; bottles were common; one girl fainted and had to be carried out, while classical songs interrupted the orchestra between the acts. A Yankee has a part in one of the plays and it was very amusing to hear the English audience try to mimic his accent and expressions. The "villain" was, in my opinion, the best actor of the lot, if there could be any classification, and the heroine was at the other extreme; but the heroine received a good round of applause when she stepped before the curtain and the villain was hissed and hooted. So does the gallery love virtue and abhor vice.

Tuesday we rode to Coventry to see the Godiva procession, which takes place but

once in seven years. It was not very unlike our Labor Day parades. The Free Masons and various charitable societies march with their banners. The different trades are represented by large floats with men at work on them. Several well-known English characters were represented: Leofric, Earl of Mercia, Edward the Black Prince, Richard III., Henry IV., Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Leicester, Mary Queen of Scots, and William Shakespeare were among the celebrities whom we had the good fortune to see, though I must say that it would have been hard to recognize them all without a program. Of course, the feature of the procession was Lady Godiva; the part was taken by Miss Alice Sinclair, Actress. For the story of Lady Godiva I will refer you to Tennyson's poem of that name. The party did not return immediately to Leamington, but went back by the way of Kenilworth Castle. Parts of the building have entirely disappeared, but I will say to those who have read Scott's novel, "Kenilworth," that the tower was pointed out in which Amy Robsart is said to have waited for the Earl of Leicester, and also the grotto in which she was discovered by Queen Elizabeth.

It was in the railroad station at Kenilworth that a dignified member of our party sent a stout English woman almost into hysterics. Our representative walked quietly enough along the platform, and this woman laughed so hard that the tears rolled down her cheeks. A friend with her reproved her, but she said, "O! I couldn't help it. He *did* look so funny!" Had she seen the whole party, I think it would have killed her.

Wednesday's program included a visit to Warwick Castle. This was not essentially different from other show places that we had seen. First we saw two large towers. From Guy's tower we had a fine view of the surrounding country.

Under the other, called "Cæsar's Tower," was the dungeon, which we went into. Inside the castle were the usual paintings, and inlaid tables; the hall was interesting with its many coats of armor and its fireplace in the middle of the room, with a hole in the ceiling for the smoke to escape by. Of course, we saw the bed in which Queen Elizabeth once slept, and the helmet worn by Cromwell. In the pleasure-grounds there were a lot of peacocks that were so tame they would come and eat out of your hand. In the conservatory stands a huge bowl, ten feet across, cut from one block of marble; this was brought from Italy long ago and was connected in some way with the Emperor Hadrian. On the outside of this vase is a long Latin inscription, and a sight translation was rendered on the spot.

We returned home by way of Guy's Cliff, said to be a very romantic spot, though we did not find it so at four o'clock in the afternoon. We sat up late that evening for the member of our party who always carried a looking-glass in his pocket. The next morning he told us that Guy's Cliff was a splendid place by moonlight. This was also the night that a restless member at No. 11 got up in his sleep and mounted a table; but he took a "header," and his room-mate found him on the floor with some broken furniture, and 10s. 6d. was necessary in order to pacify the landlady.

Thursday we rode to Stratford-on-Avon, the home of Shakespeare. We waited about a mile outside the town for one member who had lingered behind ostensibly to get the mail, but when he caught up we saw that he had felt ashamed of the clothes he had been wearing, and had visited a tailor's shop on his own account. We proceeded to Shakespeare's birthplace and found the inevitable six-penny charge, the visitor's book, the guide, and, worst of all, the signs—"Visitors are particu-

larly requested not to write upon or touch the walls or ceilings." In the room in which Shakespeare was born there isn't a square inch of wall or ceiling or window that has not served the purpose of an autograph album. Walter Scott's name was pointed out to us on the window, scratched with a diamond; and Thackeray's was on the low ceiling. A portrait of Shakespeare was jealously guarded in a fire-proof safe. Adjoining the house was a museum containing various relics of the poet. I remember particularly early copies of the plays, and wood from trees under which he had slept. The one redeeming feature of the place was that there were no souvenirs for sale on the premises. Washington Irving must have got into the house alone outside of "business hours," so to speak, or else he could not have had any such reflections as we find in his Sketch-book.

Our party divided for lunch, with instructions to meet at half-past one in Holy Trinity Church, where Shakespeare is buried. A fee of 6d. each, and we were in the church; a walk up the aisle and we were as near as we could be to the remains of the greatest of all English writers. There were other graves close to his, but they were scarcely noticed. There is nothing above the grave but a slate stone slab, with the following inscription cut upon it:

"Good frend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
To digg the dust enclosed heare;
Blesse be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones.

On the wall, close to the grave, is the bust of Shakespeare, which was put up a year or two after his burial. Men who pretend to know, say that it is taken from a death mask.

I suppose a great many have in mind some of Shakespeare's own words concerning death. The following is one of his early sonnets:

"No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell!
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.

O! if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone."

From the church we went to Shottery, the home of Ann Hathaway. It is an old-fashioned house built in the same style as Shakespeare's birth-place. As one of our party says in his diary, "Remarkable only as the place where Shakespeare did his courting."

On the way to Stratford and back, we rode through Warwick, so we had several views of the castle. The one from the bridge over the Avon seemed particularly worth remembering.

The next day, Friday, we left our comfortable quarters in Leamington and started for Oxford, forty-four miles distant. Banbury was just half way, so that was the rallying point for dinner. But there was a misunderstanding, and six members of the party got their lunch at a farm-house, just before reaching Banbury, and then rode right on through the town without looking for the rest of us. Those who stopped in the town went straight to the original "Banbury Cake Shop." I quote again from my friend's diary: "The famous Banbury cakes. They are nothing but a turnover with a centre of currants or mince meat. Just the same, though, they were elegant." After lunch, we collected around Banbury Cross, and here is a chance for a quotation from a well-known author,—

"Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman upon a white horse.
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes."

But we were not looking for old women or white horses either. We were hunting for the rest of the party who had gone on ahead without telling us. We waited around the famous cross and had time to examine it. It was nothing remarkable; a stone column with a few decorations on it was a tiresome object to watch for the best part of two hours. The town was not large, so we divided and rode through every street, went to every hotel and church, returned to the cross and waited a while longer. At length our patience was exhausted and we started off for Oxford.

Our sub-captain was feeling well. He stopped at a small inn and treated us to ginger ale. He then went to the well to get a drink of water. He got his glass ready and began to turn the handle of a rotary pump. After turning with a good will for about half a minute, he began to look for the water. He couldn't see it, but he heard it. It was about fifteen feet away, around the corner of the house and he had filled the trough full and it was

running over, while "Boots and the 'ostler" looked on and smiled. It took two to get a drink from that well.

About eight miles outside of Oxford, we turned off to Woodstock, the scene of Scott's novel of that name. Blenheim Park adjoining the town contains the palatial residence of the Duke of Marlborough. The park is fourteen miles in circumference, so we did not walk all the way around it, but did our duty toward it by spending about half an hour in the grounds.

We rode slowly on to Oxford and at the first hotel found a note:

"We are at Wellington Square. When you find the square we will find you."

We asked our way to Wellington Square, and on arriving in the quadrangle rang our bells and blew the horns so that people came out from all the houses. Those who interested us most stood in the door-ways at numbers 24 and 28. Here we went in and had some supper, for we had found the missing members.

JOHN TAYLOR.

VI.

Oxford and London.

Of course the first thing for us to do after breakfast, was to go to the bank for the mail. Then, after the letters had been read we set out to see the noteworthy places and buildings. In Oxford, we first visited Carfax, a small square in the centre of the city. Here, in the oldest part of the town, the only two tram-car lines cross each other at right angles. In England, it was very seldom that we came across a tram, or as we would say, a horse-car line, so we looked longingly after them and passed on. From here we branched out and saw the various churches and colleges.

Following a route in our guide books, we first visited Balliol College. Like most of the other colleges, it is built around a square called the quadrangle, which is connected with the street by an arched gateway. We found the college, but we couldn't find the gate. At last a native told us where to find it, and entering we found ourselves in the "Quad." This college is one of the first founded, but some of the buildings are quite new. A very fine park and chapel are especially interesting, and we were allowed to look through a door-way at the valuable collection of books, for which the college is noted.

An old church named St. Aldate's was the next object. I do not remember that this church has any especial fame, except that it was erected in 1335 by Sir John de Dockington, fishmonger and Mayor of Oxford, but it is part of the city, and closely connected with the colleges. On approaching this building, an old man of quaint appearance and unsteady gait, pounced upon us, and remained at our heels while we were making our survey. He was of no use as a guide, but he kept

us laughing by the persistency of his attentions, and when we left he claimed the usual tip for services rendered.

Right across the street from St. Aldate's is Pembroke College; here we saw a very beautiful chapel. In visiting this and other colleges, we found on the membership rolls, the names of many prominent men, with which we were familiar. Christ Church came next, and we found it the most interesting of all the colleges. In a tower over the gate hangs "Big Tom," a bell weighing 17,000 pounds, said to be the third largest in England. While we were lounging on a terrace in the Quad a porter came through the gate, and after eyeing us suspiciously for a few moments told us to move on. We obeyed and following the directions in our "Gossiping Guide," entered a door-way in one corner under a tower. Here a flight of stairs led up under a finely groined roof, ornamented with fan tracery, to a large hall, where King Charles held his court and councils when he was cooped up in Oxford by the Roundheads. On the walls hang the portraits of prime ministers, bishops, nobles and many other noted men, who were educated at Christ Church. Below is a huge kitchen with a fire-place to suit. Here the cooking is done for several hundred men, and the utensils used are enormous. In front of the fire is a spit large enough to cook meat for the whole college, which is turned by a machine, run by the draught of the chimney.

In the afternoon we went to the Bodleian Library, which is full of books of all kinds. Some of the most interesting were the illuminated volumes written in Latin on parchment.

The party now broke up and each one followed his own inclinations for the rest

of the day. The captains visited a church called "St. Peter's in the East." Now, up to this time our sub-captain had not shown much interest in architecture, but after the captain had walked him around this church, and shown him the Norman doorway and groinings, and some pillars in the crypt that show the marks of the cutter's axe, for they did not use chisels at that period, he grew very much excited. On arriving at the lodgings he surprised us all by an eloquent speech on the beauties of architecture; so convincing were his words that two of us rushed off at once to see the place that had converted him. We found it very interesting indeed, although we felt that we had lost a good deal by not having the captain to explain things to us. Close by this church are the new college gardens, bounded on one side by a portion of the old city wall, which was covered with ivy.

The next day was Sunday, and we spent the morning in various ways; some writing home and others in going to church. I tried to go to church in the afternoon, but my companion and I visited three churches and found them all locked and had to go home without gaining admittance anywhere.

Monday, we made a raid on the Clarendon Press. Here we saw many new things in the way of printing, including copies of the New Testament at a penny each. On our way home we applied for admission at the Observatory, but although we said that we were students, and were especially interested in scientific matters, the authorities would not let us enter.

It had been decided that we should go rowing on the Thames if the afternoon were pleasant. The weather looked pretty fair, so we walked to Folly bridge with two hampers, and, hiring two boats started down the river.

The Thames at Oxford is about the size

of the Charles at Riverside, but it flows through green meadows. We passed the University barges moored to the left bank. These barges are fitted up as club-houses, and seldom leave the shore. We had not advanced far, when the fellows in the other boat landed and began to examine the inside of the hampers. We followed their example, and the bread and jam soon disappeared. The next stopping place was Ifley, where there is a lock and a fine old Norman church. We landed at the customary place on the lock, but, finding that we should have to pay toll in order to cross the shaky little foot-bridge over the mill race, we at once embarked and landed on the other side, much to the disgust of the miller, who had come out to collect his dues. After inspecting the church, over which the captains went into raptures, we started down the river again, but as it began to rain we turned up the stream, and started for Oxford. Near the end of our row we had a race, and, although we arrived three lengths ahead, the captain and his crew claimed the victory.

On our way to Windsor next day, we came across a small bank of chalk through which the road was cut. The captains busied themselves digging away the hill with their knives in search of fossils, and they were rewarded by finding some nice specimens of ancient sea urchins; and the sub-captain soon had us all at work in the interest of the "Agassiz Association." As we continued our journey we came to a field where some men were at work, and some members of the party climbed over a hedge in order to inspect the process. They found that the men were cutting grain with a sickle and hook instead of with a scythe and cradle or reaper which is used in America. Questioning one of them, a crusty old man who gave curt replies, they found that a man can do one acre in three days, for which he

receives ten shillings, or about eighty cents a day. This seemed a very primitive method when contrasted with the big automatic reapers used in the West. We found out also that the usual crop is from twenty-four to forty bushels an acre.

At one of the towns along our route we were told that Windsor was about eight miles ahead. This distance actually lengthened into fifteen miles, and we arrived at the Queen's town wet, hungry and tired, only to find a miserable hotel to shelter us. Our day's run was about fifty miles; had we gone by the river the distance covered would have been sixty-nine miles. To our sorrow we found that the next day was about the only one of the whole week on which we could not enter Windsor Castle, so we gave up seeing the Queen's residence, and the captain with two others rode ahead to London, while the rest of us went to Eton College. The gentleman in charge kindly showed us over the different buildings and explained all points of interest. Among many other things we saw all the old college plate locked up in a big safe. We were told that the members of the sixth or upper form have a great deal of liberty, and the power to punish offending members of the lower forms, even to using a cane if necessary. They are allowed to invite two friends to dinner every day. Each boy has a fixed allowance of food, consisting of meat, bread, beer and pudding. The allowance is very generous, and there are several old women who have the special privilege of taking all the leavings, receiving the whole allowance if a boy is absent. From what I saw and heard I judge that the boys have good times, and fare well.

After a short row on the river, by which we gained a fine view of the castle, we took a lunch of milk and buns, and mounting our wheels rode towards London, twenty miles away. For about twelve

miles the road was smooth and perfectly level. But towards the end we encountered many difficulties. We knew London to be the largest city of the world, but in spite of our knowledge we found a great surprise in store. We rode eight miles over a crowded street, dodging hansoms and busses and having a hard time generally, after we entered London and before we reached our destination. Two of us had ridden ahead, but we were soon separated in the crush, and I was very thankful when I found the hotel at which we were to meet.

A very peculiar law in England provides that if a man is run over in the street, he is fined and held responsible for any damage to the horse or wagon that knocks him down. But bicyclists have no rights which any one is bound to respect; they have to steer clear of every thing and every body. The hansom drivers seem to think very little of running down a bicycle, so we were always on the alert watching for these vehicles.

At the hotel we received orders to set out for Queen's Court, where we were to lodge during our stay in London. While crossing the city, the handle bar of the orator's machine came into collision with a stout policeman (we soon learned to call them bobbies or peelers,) who promptly siezed our friend by the coat-tails and brought him to a sudden stop. Thinking himself sure of his prey, he let go for an instant, whereupon our speech-maker promptly remounted and rode off.

Our second day in London was a very full one. Taking a 'bus we rattled down "Igh 'Olborn" to St. Paul's. This large church was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, who had to surmount many difficulties, and endure the derision of those who believed that the dome would fall. In the dome, which is one hundred and twelve feet in diameter, is a good whispering gallery. Outsid the dome we could see a long

way over the city, and our captain who had been there before pointed out many places which we afterwards saw close at hand. Some of the party paid two bob to ascend to the ball, but most of us were satisfied with being just above the house-tops. "Big Paul," the largest bell in England, hangs in one of the towers, and we were told that it has been heard in Windsor, twenty miles away. In the afternoon I tried to find the American Soda Fountain, but taking some wrong turns found the wrong shop and some very poor soda. I shall not attempt to describe the British or Kensington Museum, Westminster Abbey or the Zoo, for I am not writing a guide-book, but we visited all these and many more interesting places. I will mention our visit to the Bank of England, however; here we saw notes valued from £5 to £1,000 turned out by machinery, and ready to be signed; also a row of weighing machines that discard automatically any light coin that may pass through.

One morning our trunks came and, behold, a great change in the appearance of the N. E. B. C. Up to this time we had been going about in poorly fitting bicycle uniforms, but now, several members blossomed out in full civilized rig. A day or two later one member entered the dining-room and, dropping quickly into a chair hid his legs under the table, and tried to look happy and unconcerned. But we saw the reason for his behavior, and stood him up and laughed at him. He had on a brand new London suit. Other members were soon fitted out in the same way, and all slid into the room in the same sneaking manner. Two of the company still retained the uniform, and the others forgetting that they had looked the same for six

weeks, pretended to be ashamed to be seen with them.

I must not forget the 'bus conductors. They are very accommodating, and as they receive a royalty of the fares, practise a great many wiles in order to gain passengers. No matter where we wished to go, the first 'bus conductor that we found said that he would pass very near. This occasioned some trouble and a long walk at the end.

The shops of London are managed very differently from ours. If you enter a store there you are expected to make some purchase. The shopmen are surprised if you ask them to show their goods and then do not buy. They say that Americans give them a great deal of trouble, for, after upsetting a whole shop they leave without buying anything. Two of our fellows entered a shop and, after seeing some things, started to turn away. The shop-keeper remonstrated, and finding that they were Americans grew very angry, and told his clerk to call a bobby to put the "ill-looking creatures" out. But there is another side to this. I tried to purchase the "93" colors, yellow and black, and a man tried to make me think that black with pink spots would do just as well.

After some consultation and many inquiries regarding the cholera, our captain announced that with Squibb's mixture we might safely go to Paris; but as our time was limited we were obliged to erase Brighton and the southernmost part of England from the programme.

How we went to Paris, and how we fared while there will be told in the next chapter, by "Our Little Man."

STURGIS COFFIN.

VII.

Excursion to Paris.

It was about six o'clock one Monday evening when our whole party assembled at the Holborn Viaduct Station, fully prepared for a trip to Paris. Our pile of luggage was not vast, as one small hand-bag generally sufficed for two persons. The ride in the train was exceedingly tiresome, so we were not at all sorry to reach Dover and board the boat, dirty and uncomfortable as it looked. The seats were spacious enough to accommodate about a third of the passengers, while the rest were obliged either to sit on the deck or to stand up. Most of us went into the bow and watched the revolving light at Calais, which is clearly visible from the English coast. As we approached the light we were able to discern more and more of the city, and soon we drew alongside the wharf and became surrounded by a group of chattering Frenchmen. We boarded the train and, finding a compartment to ourselves, eight of us prepared to get in some sleep before entering upon the giddy whirl of Paris. But for eight persons to try to lie out and sleep on two narrow seven-foot seats is a good deal of an undertaking, and when at last we reached Paris at five o'clock in the morning most of us had been without the slightest rest during the entire night. It is therefore not hard to imagine what a cross, tired, sooty, woe-begone set of individuals we were as we descended from the train and took carriages for the hotel. The city was very quiet at that hour, and the drive was not at all an unpleasant one. Having arrived at the hotel, we lost no time in stretching out on sofas and beds and we spent the greater part of the morning in profound repose.

By noon we felt sufficiently rested to

start out in quest of something to eat. Our hunger was so great that we entered the first restaurant we came to; seats for the whole party were found at one table, and we at once set to work studying the "bill of fare." After laboring for several minutes we came to the conclusion that "bouillon" was the only thing on the card we had ever heard of before, and so we ordered it "pour tout ensemble." Then, after several vain attempts, we managed to get it through the waiter's head that we should like some bread and butter, and we got it. After that struggle with the vernacular, we decided that it was more advantageous to eat than to talk, and contented ourselves with broth and bread. We were fortunate enough to escape a repetition of this painful performance during the few days we remained in Paris.

Nothing was planned for the afternoon, so each one of us did as he pleased. As the weather was very hot, most of us pleased to do nothing but sleep or write letters. A few of the more adventurous spirits, however, roamed about the city, and at dinner that evening our captain amused us with one of his experiences of the afternoon. It seemed that he, attended by a member from Brookline, had turned his steps towards the Eiffel Tower; after depositing the required four francs, they ascended to the upper stage. There the captain was accosted by a charming young maiden who had souvenirs to sell. She evidently spoke French very well, and our leader was calmly admiring her fine tone and accent, when the younger member, fearing that he was not going to be "in it" at all, came boldly to the front and said to the maid in a scornful tone, but in the good old Anglo-Saxon tongue, "He doesn't speak French," and thereupon he

proceeded to converse with her in not a bit better English than the captain himself could have used.

Speaking of dinner, I must not forget to give some idea of the charms of "table d'hôte." The following is an extract from a Boston paper, and expresses my sentiments exactly:

"The solemnity begins with soup, after which comes a long pause,—so long that you fear the waiters have gone off to catch the fish. Finally, they appear with the viand in question, together with butter sauce and a dish of boiled potatoes. Now follows a long hiatus, ample time being given to digest the fish and get up a new appetite. Slowly and mournfully the waiters approach with bad roast beef and string beans. Again an interregnum, and then comes veal in some shape. The lapse of time which now follows is such that the guests feel old age coming on. At last the waiters come also, bringing a piece of chicken or capon to each victim. Finally, the now decrepit and toothless guests receive some pudding and fruit, and depart. A man who has lived ten years at a European hotel has probably spent six years waiting for courses at the table d'hôte." This description leaves nothing more to be said.

Several of the windows of our hotel looked upon the Rue de Rivoli and on the Garden of the Tuilleries opposite. There was a fair held every evening in the garden, and the greatest variety of sounds proceeded from the enclosure. Singing, band music and tambourine playing made sleep next to impossible until after midnight. Some of us paid our half-franc and visited the show one night. It was an exceedingly bright and lively spectacle. Roller coasters, shooting galleries, refreshment booths and toy shops were in great abundance, while the merry-go-rounds were carried to a high state of perfection. Some of these consisted of

two stories, while others whirled over and over. Altogether it was a lively scene, and we felt satisfied that we had received the full value of our half-francs.

We were just finishing our breakfast the next morning, when Cook's excursion wagons drove up to take us around the city. Our party was under the guidance of an ex-Englishman, a man who thought he knew everything, and who tried in every possible way to show how vastly superior he was to all the other guides. We spent the best part of three days in those wagons of Cook's, seeing the things that everybody must see. The principal churches are Saint Chapelle, the Pantheon, the Madeline and Notre Dame. The Madeline is especially fine from the outside, being copied from the Parthenon at Athens. A row of columns runs about the entire building and broad stone steps lead up to a very fine entrance with immense bronze doors. The Pantheon was most attractive from the inside. The walls were decorated with pictures representing famous French soldiers, statesmen and artists. We were especially charmed, however, by a painting of Joan of Arc. The artist has chosen the moment when the Maid of Orleans is receiving the message from Heaven to undertake the delivery of France.

Notre Dame is too well known to require any description. Saint Chapelle is one of the finest specimens of decorated Gothic architecture in existence, and the stained glass in the windows is gorgeous in the extreme. The entrance is very finely carved. Over the door-way on the right-hand side is represented a group of saints, and upon the left a crowd of demons. Our brilliant guide said to us what he had probably said to thousands of other tourists, "The right-hand side represents Cook's excursion party, and the left-hand, Gaze's." It is perhaps needless to add that Cook and Gaze are rivals

in the personally-conducted tour business.

The parks of Paris are especially beautiful. They are laid out with fine taste, and everything is kept in perfect order. The Place de la Concorde is the finest and most extensive. It received its name at the end of the Reign of Terror, in token of gratitude for restored peace. The obelisk, which is very similar to the one in New York, stands in a prominent position, on the spot where once stood the guillotine. In the evening the place is illumined by thousands of lights, and the scene is a very brilliant one.

The "Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile" is but a short distance from the Place de la Concorde. It stands on high ground, and from it radiate twelve fine avenues, which stretch for long distances in perfectly straight lines. The magnificent improvement caused by the construction of the "Star" was carried out by Baron Haussman, by order of Napoleon III. The emperor conceived the idea that in case of insurrection an immense territory could be commanded by a very few guns if this plan of radiating boulevards were carried out, and, as one stands on the Arch, it certainly does appear as if half the city might be protected from that one spot. The Arch itself is the finest in existence, and is covered with groups of statuary carved in high relief, representing various well-known battles and sieges of the French wars.

Of course, the "Louvre" claimed a large share of our attention. Any description that I could give would not do it justice. It is enough to say that we all enjoyed the paintings, and that most of us returned to study some of them more carefully. We spent a whole day at the Palace of Versailles.

On the ride out of the city we passed through the "Bois de Boulogne," an expanse of woodland covering over two

thousand acres. It is a very picturesque place. The guide said that it was mostly frequented by duellists and lovers. In the Bois is the famous racecourse of Longchamps. We reached the neighborhood of the palace about noon, and went to one of the numerous little restaurants for lunch. We were beset by a dozen proprietors, each of whom endeavored to make us understand that his establishment was the best and cheapest. We at last got settled, however, and proceeded without delay to stay our appetites, which were ravenous, as usual.

After lunch we went over the palace. The part most interesting to me was the "Musée Historique." This contains hundreds of magnificent paintings of well-known battles, the figures represented sometimes being life-size. We were told that the French soldiers stationed at Versailles are allowed the freedom of this gallery every Sunday evening. The French government thinks that these pictures of war and blood-shed will inspire the soldiers of today when the time comes for them to fight to emulate the deeds of bravery performed by their predecessors in arms. The beauty of the other parts of the palace lies in the wonderful decoration and fine proportions of the rooms. One thing is noticeable here, as indeed it is everywhere in Paris, the great number of mirrors which are built into the walls, making the immense rooms seem many times as large as they actually are. The furniture is very delicate, and guards are stationed here and there to see that people do not sit down upon it. The grounds of the palace are beautifully laid out with broad walks and fountains.

We spent two or three hours very enjoyably in wandering about the palace and grounds and then started towards Paris. Just before we left our captain brought the laughter of the whole party down upon him by paying five francs for a

couple of little brown birds in a wooden cage. He said he was going to carry them home; but the little creatures died of sea-sickness or home-sickness during the voyage, much to the regret of their owner.

The drive home promised to be a very pleasant one, but we had not gone far when the rain suddenly fell in torrents. We let down the sides of the wagon, but the water poured through the thin canvass top in great streams, so that by the time we reached the hotel we looked like drowned rats. I have already spoken of the scanty supply of clothing we had with us. In consequence of this deficiency the variety and strangeness of the costumes worn at "table d'hôte" that evening were amusing, to say the least. Any one who had a mackintosh wore it, and it covered a multitude of—"sins of omission." One poor fellow was so hard up that he was obliged to take his "table d'hôte" in bed. His bill for candles that night was seven francs, \$1.40!

One evening several of the party went to the Grand Opera House. During one of the lapses between the acts, one of the boys was suddenly seized with a violent and uncontrollable thirst. He went out and walked along the street in search of something to quench it. Suddenly he spied over a shop door a sign with the following inscription; "Café Glacé Neapolitan." He knew café meant coffee and he thought the name sounded rich. He went in, and going up with a firm step and bold aspect he sprung it on the man behind the counter, "Donnez-moi du Café Glacé Neapolitan." The man looked puzzled, shook his head, and then rattled off a whole string of French, which was Greek to our strictly Yankee friend. He repeated his request, but the man still refused to comply. They were getting all mixed up and on the verge of a fight,

when a gentleman seated at a table near by came to the rescue and said, "Young man, you are asking for a good deal. Café Glacé Neapolitan is the name of this restaurant." Our friend was a little more careful of his French after that.

The last day of our stay, Saturday, no barge or guide came to show us around, so we went off by ourselves. With several others I visited the Eiffel Tower. We mounted an omnibus and asked the conductor if he went by "le tour Eiffel." He replied "tout près" and we trustfully sat down. The line of that bus ended fully a mile short of the tower, and we were obliged to foot it the rest of the way. Paris, in respect to its omnibus drivers is very much like London, only more so. It is necessary to ride in three different elevators in order to reach the top of Eiffel Tower. The first runs upon tracks on an incline. The other two rise vertically. The whole height of the tower is 985 feet, but the greatest height to which visitors are allowed to ascend is 868 feet. From this elevated position the City of Paris appears like a map; and one can see far out over the country, it is said to a distance of fifty miles. From every part of the city the graceful head of the tower can be seen rising far above the highest buildings and church spires. We passed the whole morning at the tower and then took a horse-car back to the centre of the city. We spent some time and a great deal of money at the most attractive place in Europe to us, namely, the American soda-water and candy store. I do not think any of us will ever forget that place, or be at a loss to find it should we again visit Paris.

Our continental trip was drawing to a close. We reassembled at the hotel, and, after an early dinner, drove to the station. Then began a repetition of that tiresome journey of five days before. I will not attempt to describe its torments. They were

too blood-curdling. Amid the gloom, however, one or two rather amusing incidents of the way rise up before me. Sleeping room in the railway-carriage was lacking, so one daring youth—the same, by the way, who attempted to buy the whole café at Paris—climbed up into one of the long luggage-racks and settled himself for a comfortable nap. The train stopped at a way-station, and several French people got on. Among them was a stout peasant woman, with a lot of bundles. She sat down immediately under the rack. Silence reigned for a few moments, and then our friend, turning over in his sleep, made a slight noise. The stout woman jumped three feet into the air, uttering an exclamation which might have meant almost anything, as it was jerked out in French. Then she looked up, and perceiving the slumbering youth, she set up a frightful jabbering, in which she was joined by all the Frenchmen in the car. This noise naturally awakened the sleeper, but he only smiled calmly upon the disturbed group,

without making any sign of moving. The old woman and her friends, finding that they were not gaining their point, crowded in upon the opposite side of the car, leaving two or three vacant seats beneath our friend.

There was one other enlivener to the journey, in the form of a swindle, practised by one of the party upon an inoffensive chocolate-machine. He dropped his penny in the slot, as directed, when, by some strange enchantment, out dropped both the penny and the cake of chocolate. The news spread fast, and soon a crowd had collected, eager to work the same trick, but in vain. The secret remained in the possession of its originator.

We enjoyed a fine trip across the channel, so “mal de mer” was not added to our other woes, and at last we arrived at Dover, a sleepy and a tired crowd. But a few hours’ rest and a square meal of English beef and mutton made us feel as good as new, and we were ready to re-discover America. CHARLES JENNEY.

VIII.

Homeward Bound.

After breakfast at Dover, the bicycle party boarded a train for Canterbury and spent the morning and a part of the afternoon in looking over the cathedral. The spot where Thomas à Becket was murdered was pointed out to us. Toward evening we took the train for London, and arrived there at about nine o'clock. We went at once to our former lodgings in Queen's square, and spent a comfortable night.

Monday morning we packed up, rode to Paddington station, and took the train for Worcester. We arrived at that city to find that a certain member of our party had neglected to change cars at one of the way stations. We left a note for him with the station-agent, and immediately went to the Royal Worcester Porcelain Works. We were enabled to visit this factory through the kindness of a member of a firm in Boston. The place was very interesting; we were shown the process of manufacture, from the grinding down of the flint, feldspar and Cornish stone to a thick cream, to the last finishing touches given to the complete article. Our missing friend turned up in the evening, and told us that he had been carried as far as Birmingham. With another member of the party, he waited over till the next morning, as both wished to see the pottery works.

After spending some time in Chester, visiting the cathedral and walking upon the ancient Roman wall of the city, we came together in Liverpool.

The next day was spent in packing up our wheels and other belongings and in getting ready for the return voyage. Some, having more time than others,

managed to see Mr. Gladstone and hear him speak. This was a great treat for the favored ones.

Thursday, Aug. 25, was the day set for the sailing of the Royal Mail steamer *Circassian*, for Montreal. The bicycle party held tickets for their return voyage on this steamer, which was to sail at 11 A. M. After an interesting 'bus ride past the famous docks of Liverpool, we arrived at the Alexandria Docks, and went on board the steamer. She is about four hundred feet long, with a tonnage of nearly 2,500 tons. Although the *Circassian* is not a very fast steamer, we were told that by this line we would be out of sight of land only six days. This thought gave us courage. The sail from Liverpool to Moville, on the north coast of Ireland, would be over in one day; the trip up the St. Lawrence would take three or four days, and the whole voyage accomplished in ten or eleven days. There was the usual weeping crowd on the docks bidding good-bye to their friends, who were going across the wide ocean. The partings were prolonged until 12 o'clock, when the last bells were rung, and we pushed out from the dock and steamed down the Mersey. It is by no means an easy matter to steer a clumsy ocean steamer down this narrow river. At times the boat was obliged to pass between docks built out on either side of the river through a narrow space hardly wider than the steamer. But after an hour or two of turning in and out, we came to the mouth of the river, and had clear water the rest of the way to Moville. The sea being quiet, all the passengers appeared at dinner. This would have been a surpris-

ing circumstance if it had been our first day out in the open sea, but we were so sheltered that the swell troubled us but very little.

We spent a quiet night, and awoke to find ourselves at anchor off Moville. The wind was blowing and there was quite a sea running in the harbor. Here the steamer waited until two o'clock for the mails. During this time we sent one of our party ashore to buy some sweet chocolate. He came back with a huge box full; in fact, with all that could be bought in the town. He had also purchased some of the famous Irish shillalies. The chocolate was soon divided, and some of us began on it right away; but before very long all had had quite enough of chocolate. After receiving the mails, we left the harbor and, with a heavy wind, which soon freshened into a gale dead ahead of us, we pushed out into the open sea. We had begun our return voyage in earnest. How that ship did pitch! Before long the passengers grew tired of the scenery and went below. First one and then another of our party, with a "Good bye, boys," disappeared from view; some weren't seen again until the next day. Very few cared to know what the bill of fare was that night! At dinner the usual jokes went the rounds, and we heard that "Man wants but little here below, but he wants that little served pretty quick." Those who had seats near the door were considered fortunate individuals. We were told that the Circassian was a good sailer. We didn't believe it that day, however, for she rolled so that the water nearly came over the gunwales, and during the night we slept half the time on the ceiling.

About midnight the fellows in my stateroom were suddenly awakened by loud cries of "Help!" "Help!" which came from the next cabin, but as we heard nothing more, we soon went to

sleep again. In the morning, however, we noticed the absence of a very important article in time of sea-sickness—a tin basin fastened to the side of the berth. We then understood the reason of those frantic cries for help of the night before.

A few of the party managed to take a little breakfast, and then they disappeared for a while—probably to digest it! At the next meal we were told by our captain that the best plan in case of sea-sickness, however little one might eat, was to appear at the table. He valiantly set the example and boldly sat down near the door. Very soon he calmly arose and deliberately walked up the stairs. He came down again in a few minutes, and took his seat once more. A "sandy" man, is our captain!

That afternoon we all were feeling more comfortable, and we began to notice our fellow passengers. On looking over their names in the list, we found the usual supply of clergymen and lawyers. There were but few passengers from the United States, most of them hailing from England or Canada. We noticed that one man had affixed to his name "Rev. Prof." We saw more of him towards the end of the trip, and found out that he was quite a sport. In neat knickerbockers, but without coat or hat, he kept walking up and down the deck. We could not quite place him, but thought he must be a golf player, as he came on board with a bag of golf sticks. I watched him carefully the first two days for signs of sea-sickness. I thought, surely this man, who seems so vigorous and healthy, will not be afflicted by the dread disease! But lo! I was mistaken; on the second day out he was obliged to discontinue his proud promenade. We turned in quite early the second night, and most of us managed to sleep exceedingly well; we heard nothing more from the next stateroom.

Next morning, Sunday, we awoke to find the sea calm, although the steamer still rolled considerably. Some of us attended service; those who did so heard a sermon by the "Rev. Prof." aforesaid. The exercises were continued in the open air, for the contribution box was passed on deck, so that all might have the pleasure of giving. After lunch nearly all the passengers appeared on deck. It was a fine day; the sea was calm, the sky clear, and the steamer seemed to be making quicker time. A good run was posted the next day.

Monday morning found all the passengers at breakfast; in the forenoon out came steamer chairs and all sorts of books, from novels, mostly by Dumas, up to, or perhaps more correctly down to, Greek and Latin Grammars. Some amused themselves with games. These consisted of "hop scotch" (not learned in Scotland), shuffle-board and "wrang sou by the lug." This last we had learned on the voyage out, and it certainly might be called an attractive game, for soon we had a crowd around us laughing at our antics. The evening was spent in various amusements; we played leap-frog around the deck and wrestled with one another. A strong head wind and a heavy sea came up in the night, and a cold, disagreeable rain kept most of the passengers below the next day. Cards and books were brought out, and we passed the morning in waiting for lunch and the afternoon in waiting for dinner. In fact, that is generally the program on an ocean voyage, and everyone is glad when he hears the bell announcing another meal. This was one of the slowest and most uncomfortable days of the whole voyage, but it finally came to an end, and the evening was passed very pleasantly in listening to a discourse on Edinburgh and the Scottish Church, given by Rev. Mr. Campbell, of Scotland.

Wednesday we had a tug-of-war and a potato race. The Americans pulled against the Englishmen, and succeeded in beating them. In the potato race we managed to get the Captain and sub-Captain to compete; this caused great excitement. A concert in aid of the Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage had been arranged for the evening. Among the many interesting numbers I recall a "Reminiscence of the Civil War," which was given by Col. Moffat, and a serio-comic recitation, "The Cat," given by another passenger. Early next morning I was awakened by the stopping of the steamer, the blowing of a fog-horn, and the yelling of the steerage passengers, who were frightened and who were taking no pains to hide their feelings. The steamer soon started again, but when we went up on deck we found a thick fog shutting us in on all sides. This looked like a "long, long, weary day," but after breakfast the Rev. Prof. brought out a pair of single sticks and heavy head-masks, so we did not lack amusement that morning. In the afternoon, upon a challenge from the intermediate passengers, we pulled them a tug-of-war, and beat them in two trials. Later, the ladies tried their hands, and the Canadians beat the English. Signs of land appeared early in the afternoon; seaweed and land birds were seen, much to our delight. Before long, land itself could be plainly discerned, and in a few hours we found ourselves sailing through the Straits of Belle Isle. Several small icebergs were seen in the dim distance, but they were too far away for their exact size to be determined.

In the evening we were favored with a farewell poem, delivered by the Rev. Mr. Campbell to the passengers who were to land at the first stopping place, Rimouski. Here it is:

ADIEU!

R. M. Steamship Circassian, off Rimouski, September 2, 1892.

Two things break the monotony
Of an Atlantic trip,
Sometimes, alas! you ship a sea,
And sometimes see a ship.

Shipmates, crew and passengers,
Come, listen to my lay;
Hear at my lips a single word—
We say "farewell" today.

Our ship, the stout Circassian,
Sails west upon the sea;
She's stiff and strong, she bows along,
Like a sea-bird, swift and free.

On bridge and poop and quarter-deck
Our "skipper" holds his place,
A sailor brave, born for the wave,
His calling in his face.

Proud of his ship, full many a trip
May both make over the main;
Let her roll—let her tumble, let land lubbers grumble;
Both turn to the ocean akin.
May both come—may both go! may both sail to and fro

Until ships are dry-docked forever;
And when "there's no sea," may he and may we
Rest from all sailing together.

But when he's below, on the steamship must go,
And care must be taken to guide her;
Eastaways, Edwards, McArthur and Scott*
See well that no dangers betide her.

And still we must note that the deck's not the boat;
There are mysteries so far unseen.
There's the fo'c'stle and Jack, there's the furnace-
room black—

Regions strange where we have not been;
Each man in his place, his duty to face,
And so we've sailed over the billows;
Strong hands did the work in sunshine and mirk,
While we slept—dreamed of home on our pillows.

The Purser looks after the cargo,
The Doctor looks after us all;
If the ladies don't feel just serenely
He'll make a professional (?) call.
We are grateful to the baker
For the bread we get to eat;
To the stewards for their kindness,
To the galley for the meat.
We are ready all at meal time,
We have learned to count the "bells;"
We are joyful at the tinkle,
For we know the news it tells.

*First, Second, Third and Fourth Officers.

We would like to see the baker,
We would smile upon the cook;
When we leave the ship at 'Mouski,
Just watch how sad we'll look.

Besides the good ship's doctor
Two other trumps we've got;
O'Brien hails from Erin's Isle,
And Gardner, he's a Scot.
Of warriors we have plenty,
And yet we live at peace;
Two colonels and one general,
Enjoying war's release;
We've picked up a Professor,†
He was "Hunting" for the "ford,"
He didn't come across it,
So he came across on board—
We also have an "Infant,"
At least so says the "lat;"
May her voyage be one of sunshine—
No storm, no cloud, no mist.
Of clerics we've a couple,
Both out upon the loose;
We've had two gales accordingly,
Our vengeance to induce.
Among our fair co-voyagers
There's beauty and there's grace;
The pencil of the artist
Blue, light and shade to trace.
Besides glancing over the others,
There is something still that I've seen;
It seems to me quite singular
What all the names can mean.
We have Woolly, we have Sully,
We have Page and Read and Howe;
We have Lake and Lane and Hiller,
We have Riddout, Bate and Row;
We have Taylor, we have Trumper,
And one man whose name is Jenney;
There's a King—but he's Miss M. H.,
And crown he has not any.

Dear "Uncle Sam" has sent us
A sample of his "boys,"‡
Men not yet done with boyhood,
Lads drinking still life's joys.
Be manlike, pure and gentle;
Be brave and fair and bold;
Give your valor to your country,
Barter nothing true for gold.
Go home across the river,
Learn wisdom and be true;
Build up a friendly feeling
Between the old and new;
On you the burden falleth,
With you the cause shall rest,
To square the right relations
Between the East and West.

† Rev. Prof. Huntingford.

‡ Bicycle Party.

Just one word more we venture
 While thus we say "Adieu":
 As we of the Blue-nose squadron
 Say now "Good bye" to you.
 We go to meet our dear ones;
 But ere we cross the rail
 We ask three cheers for Harvard,
 And three times three for Yale.

Now, Adieu, stout ship "Circassian"!
 Farewell, good mess-mates all!
 Good weather up the River,
 Safe landing at Montreal!

On Saturday there was an auction sale of pencil sketches made of the different passengers by a lady who wanted to raise money for a charitable institution in Canada. Some of the pictures brought \$10 apiece; in all about \$90 was realized. At 2 p. m. we reached Rimouski, and it was here that we, for the first time, heard of the outbreak of the cholera in England. The passengers were not allowed to land, and all the mail was fumigated. Many were the surmises as to whether we should be detained in quarantine or not. Some even went so far as to say that we should be detained near Quebec for the legal twenty days, and then have a chance of waiting on the border between Canada and the United States for another term of equal length. The more hopeful ones said that, inasmuch as there had been no sickness on board, and we had left port before the outbreak, that it would not be necessary even to examine the ship. The rest of the day was spent in a discussion on our chances of reaching home Monday night; the subject was most interesting, the evening was fine, and the scenery delightful, so we did not turn in until a late hour.

Early the next morning we rose to find the steamer anchored off the quarantine station, some thirty miles below Quebec. At about half-past six the quarantine officer came aboard, and before long we learned what was to be our fate. He ordered the intermediate and the steerage

passengers ashore to be washed, and their baggage to be fumigated. There was much grumbling, especially among the intermediate passengers; but a tug came alongside, and all the passengers, except those of the first cabin, were packed closely together in a scow and towed ashore.

And now, many plans were brought forward. Some of the anxious ones were in favor of hiring a tug and going immediately to Quebec. We lay at anchor nearly all day, but at dinner there was great excitement, for the order had come to move on, and soon the ship was steaming up the river. It was a most beautiful night, with a full-moon overhead. The Circassian made quick time, and before long the lights of Quebec could be seen in the distance. The Falls of Montmorency were just barely visible on our right as we neared the city. We were soon at the dock, and, as the passengers were allowed to land, we all disembarked, and without difficulty resumed the business of sight-seeing. Quebec is a wonderful old city, and, of course, the chief points of interest to us were the citadel and the Plains of Abraham. They came up to our expectations, and after a very pleasant visit, we went back to the ship and turned in. But we were not destined to sleep long. At about 5 o'clock we were awakened by a shock which could be felt from the bow to the stern. Of course, there was a great commotion. The shouting of orders and the cries of the passengers mingled in great confusion. The steward came down and shut the portholes; but, of course, we could get nothing out of him. Indeed, he said that they were just washing the decks. We dressed hurriedly, and ran up on deck. A thick fog shut out the land, but on going to the bow we found that the steamer was hard and fast aground. The fog soon lifted, and there, less than a hundred yards away,

was the land. The engines were reversed, and we attempted to back off; the attempt was useless. The steamer had been going at a moderate speed, when the fog suddenly settled down over the river. The pilot lost his bearings, and before the boat could be stopped we had struck. It was a case of patient waiting, for the tide had been high at the time of the accident. As the water went out we sank deeper and deeper in the mud. Preparations were immediately begun for lightening the steamer. A boat went ashore and a telegram was sent to Quebec for assistance. By three o'clock two scows were towed alongside, and the coal was taken out (enough coal had been bought in England for the return trip), and the cargo was shifted from the bow to the stern in order to lighten the forward part of the ship. At 6 p. m. four tugs were hitched to the stern, and at flood tide they all began to pull. But in vain. We were doomed to disappointment. No sooner were we clear of quarantine troubles than we ran aground a few miles from Montreal. It was a tired and discouraged party that went to bed that night. But the work went on while we slept, and the next morning we awoke to find the ship righting and two tugs hauling away at the stern. This time, whether on account of the higher morning tide or the loss of the cargo and coal, the efforts were successful, and we were soon steaming away for Montreal.

Although the trip from Quebec to Montreal is a beautiful one, we were glad when we came in sight of Victoria Bridge. Then began tender partings with our Yale friends and others whom we had met on the steamer. One gentleman told us to ask any policeman in Ottawa for his address and he would be sure to know. On the wharf we saw several of the interme-

diate passengers, who, having been transported up the river, had reached Montreal a day ahead of us. After spending some time in explaining to the custom-house officers that we were going straight through to Boston, we found our way to the Canadian Pacific Railway station, and engaged berths on the 8.15 "Colonial Express." Soon after the train started, a United States custom-house official came on board and examined our baggage. He was not very particular, however, and found nothing dutiable. He took the name of each member of the party, to guard against any trouble that might arise from the cholera. We had a certificate from the ship's doctor, and that probably cleared us. With the exception of a few who wished to be up when we passed the line and entered our native country, we turned in and spent a comfortable night. I awoke next morning and recognized the city of Manchester as we passed by. Soon we were all up and ready to leave the train. We passed through Somerville, and there greeted with a cheer the first American flag that we had seen flying in our own country since the 30th of June, when our trip began. The train drew into the station at Boston, and we hastened to set foot once more on United States soil, home again at last!

Thus ended the trip of the New England Bicycle party. It had been a most enjoyable one to all, I am sure. No sickness, no serious accident, the best of weather—in fact, perfection everywhere. We were delighted at the way in which the party was managed, from start to finish, by Mr. Sanford and Mr. Packard, and I know that we all feel indebted to them for their kindness.

EDGAR N. WRIGHTINGTON.

The A B C of the Party.

A is for Appleby, where Sam had a fall,
B was his Bicycle, not injured at all.
C was the Chocolate we bought every day;
D was the Dinner we ate in the hay.
E our Excursions with Cook while in France;
F was the Fit of our Bostonian pants.
G was Godiva, who shocked all the boys,
H was the Hen that tried to kill Noyes.
I were the Inns, some of which were not bad;
J was the Jag that one landlady had.
K was the knowledge which Sam needed sadly;
L was his Leg, which was pulled very badly.
M was the Marmion we saw on the stage;
N was the Nun who was walled in a cage,
O is for Oxford street, which we rode through;
P were the Peelers, all dressed in blue.
Q was the Quick way we sped past each 'bus:
R was the Right side, forbidden to us.
S was the "Stop!" Nelson heard in ear,
T was the Tug which he felt from the rear.
U the Unkind way the cop pulled him down,
V were the Vehicles crowding around.
W were the Waves on which the ship tossed;
X the Xcitement the quarantine caused.
Y were our Yells when stuck in the sand;
Z was our Zeal to be once more on land.

J. R. NOYES.

A Day in London.

On the third day of our stay in London three of us were inspired with a desire to rise at five in the morning and view Billingsgate in the early dawn. Our wish was accomplished, and we spent about an hour in watching the men unload the fishing steamers from the North Sea. We were jostled about by the throng of carriers with baskets of fish on their heads, and were only too glad to make our way out of the market place without being crushed or soaked by some stray basket of fresh herring. A penny cup of hot cocoa at one of Lockhart's restaurants, and the view of the Thames and the city from London Bridge were more to our taste. As it was not yet time for breakfast, we walked along the Victoria embankment, viewed St. Paul's from Blackfriars Bridge, saw the twin of the obelisk in Central Park, New York, and finally walked back to our lodgings, taking in on the way Covent Garden Market. Here we found business very dull, as the London season was not on, and the demand of society for flowers was small.

At breakfast various plans for the day were discussed. Our worthy Preceptor and the Assistant Preceptor intended to visit the Abbey again; Fatty and the Orator with Noyes had a scheme on foot to visit Kensington; and as everybody seemed bound somewhere, Fascinating Freddie and the writer decided not to be left behind, but to go off on their own account and "see the city," having as a special aim the purchase of a pair of London trousers for "F. F."

Our lodgings faced on Queen's Square, a small, well-shaded park with a statue of Queen Anne at one end of it. Passing through this square, we turned into Southampton Row, and reached New Oxford Street, an ideal London thorough-

fare, well paved with wooden blocks cemented with tar and gravel and as smooth as a floor. The street has broad sidewalks and all sorts of shops. The English shops are, as a rule, smaller than ours; the proprietors pay less rent and make smaller profits, but all their goods are genuine; there is no false marking, for they are an honest race; but a person who enters is expected to invest in something before he leaves, or "why should he enter at all, for the prices are marked on the goods in the window."

We enjoyed ourselves immensely as we strolled along the street watching the endless chains of rubber-tired cabs, the top-heavy busses and the enormous drays dragged by sturdy Percheon horses with clumsy Norman collars. Now and then a Humber bicycle darted through some opening in the stream of vehicles, like a pony in a drove of elephants. The cabmen seemed to us most reckless and unscrupulous drivers, for they darted about on their hansoms through the crowds almost noiselessly, and appeared to have no regard for the safety of foot-passengers.

But we could not spend all our precious minutes in watching street throngs. "F. F." had his eyes open for trouserings, while I was constantly stopping before the book-stalls and jewelry shops. One of the most interesting features of London is the second-hand book stalls; in fact, shops for all kinds of second-hand goods, especially those on some of the out-of-the-way streets are quite worth serious attention. We came upon them at every turn, and were fascinated with the old moth-eaten volumes written by forgotten authors, and with the curious old jewelry and odd pieces of china. The number and variety of East Indian

curiosities in the city is also noticeable. We entered one of these strange foreign shops, and I bought an uncut moonstone, but my suspicions were aroused when the saleswoman offered me unlimited numbers of real (?) Burmah rubies, uncut of course, at the rate of sixpence a piece.

At last the Oxford Clothing Store was found, and there "F. F." succeeded in choosing a suitable piece of cloth, in being measured, and in obtaining a promise that the trousers should be delivered in two days, all for the stupendous sum of sixteen shillings. We left the shop greatly relieved, for we had removed a weight from our minds, and we felt that we could now devote ourselves wholly to sight-seeing.

With this aim, we turned our attention to the British museum, which contains, as everybody knows, one of the largest and best-arranged collections in the world. The present building, occupying the site of the old Montagu House, is set back some distance from the street, and is Greek in style, with a porch in front supported by two rows of enormous Doric pillars. Passing beneath this porch we entered the great central hall, which contains the offices and connects with all the different wings and galleries. Directly in front of us was the enormous dome of the reading room, the largest in the world. Here may be found the bulk of the library, but visitors are permitted only to look in at the door, unless they desire to read or to study, in which case they can obtain permission from the directors, and have the free use of the desks and chairs, with paper, pen and ink provided. The whole floor of the dome is occupied by these desks and chairs, and in the middle of the room is the catalogue, quite a respectable library in itself. As neither of us was in a studious mood, we turned our attention to other parts of the building.

On the ground floor on the right of the hall are more libraries, collections of manuscripts, and everything pertaining to literature, while above are the glass, ceramic and ethnological collections. A copy of the Magna Charta and the signatures of the English Sovereigns from William the Conqueror to Victoria, were especially interesting to us, and on the upper floor the Japanese and Chinese weapons and armor claimed our attention.

The western wing is devoted to sculpture and to collections of bronzes and weapons of the ancient world. The Greek room contains the Elgin marbles, which seemed to be living beings changed in an instant to stone, so natural were their postures and the drapery. The Assyrian room is distinguished by two enormous winged bulls from the entrance of some palace at Nineveh. The jewel room was most attractive to us, for in it we saw many exquisite cameos dug up in Cyprus, and the famous Portland vase; the seal rings of Alfred the Great and of James I. are also in this room, which, by the way, is guarded very carefully, and permission to visit it must be obtained at the office.

From the museum we took a bus to the National Gallery on Trafalgar Square. We saw Nelson's Column and the fountain with the famous lions of Landseer. Once inside the gallery we found more than enough to occupy our attention. The English School interested us, and we could not look long or earnestly enough at the Turner's, the Landseer's, and the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Fascinating Freddie was sure he recognized in one of the pictures of Landseer, two little King Charles spaniels that he had seen a few days before at Blenheim.

But the cravings of hunger outdid those for art, so we crossed the square and took a hearty lunch of two buns and

a cup of chocolate at one of the "A. B. C." restaurants, which, with Lockhart's cafes, are scattered all over London. After lunch we walked down Whitehall, past the Horse Guards, where some of the soldiers were visible. We were unable to enter the palace, so we walked on past the Treasury, the Foreign Offices and the other public buildings crowded into that neighborhood, to the Houses of Parliament. Here we found entrance at the Victoria Tower, and were conducted by guides to the Robing Room, thence through the Victoria Gallery, in which are the famous pictures, "The Death of Nelson," and "The Meeting of Blucher and Wellington on the Field of Waterloo," to the chamber of the House of Lords. This is rather a small room, but is sumptuously decorated with carvings and iron work, rich coloring and frescoes, and with stained-glass windows. It is lighted at night by electric lights placed outside. The Queen's Throne with the Lord Chancellor's Woolsack below it, are at one end, and tiers of seats for the Lords are arranged on both sides of the room. Beyond this apartment is the lobby: here we were greatly interested in the names of the nobility written above the hooks on the hat-racks. The Central Hall, a beautiful octagonal room with richly-

groined, stone-vaulted roof lies between the two houses. Retracing our steps, the guides conducted us through to St. Stephens' Hall, where we saw the statues of Fox, Chatham and Walpole, into Westminster Hall, one of the oldest and largest halls in England. As everybody has read of the "great hall of William Rufus," I will not mention in detail the events which have taken place within its walls.

Crossing Palace Yard, we entered Westminster Abbey, and found ourselves surrounded by monuments and tombs. We were interested in seeing so many things of which we had read or heard ever since we were children, and were glad to find that the Coronation Chair with the Stone of Scone imbedded in it, was the same as the pictures we have seen of it so many times at home.

We were obliged to hurry through the Abbey, as time was pressing, and as it began to rain soon after leaving it, we mounted the first bus we could find which would take us to Queen's Square, and arrived at our lodgings in time for supper in a thoroughly soaked and tired condition, but, however, with a good appetite, which cannot be wondered at after a tramp over the streets of London.

WM. H. SCOVILLE.

The Humorous Side of the Trip.

Never was there an expedition in which the comic side of things was made more prominent than in the far-famed tour of the New England Bicycle Club. From start to finish, from Patterdale to Paris, from Freddie's bugle to the Preceptor's leggius, from the fourteen bicycle suits to those fourteen fearfully and wonderfully made productions of London tailors, the humorous side was continually cropping out. As in slang parlance everything goes, so on this trip everybody laughed.

First, there was the question of attire. The Yale delegation's idea of Boston clothing and Boston tailors had been principally derived from the sight of sundry stray Harvardites, who usually appeared in New Haven chastely attired in red neckties, boutonniers and the latest creations in the line of checked "jeans." So when the Brookline crowd volunteered to make all necessary arrangements in regard to bicycle suits, the Yaleites gratefully acquiesced, expecting to see the very latest wrinkle—and they did, several of them. In fact, wrinkles were the prevailing characteristic of those clothes. Except that they were made of poor material, failed to fit and looked like the wrath of heaven generally, as one of the party expressed it, the suits were perfection itself and reflected great credit upon the Boston tailor who invented them. It was a touching and pathetic sight to see our revered Preceptor puffing and struggling in a mad attempt to button a coat some four inches too small for one of his massive proportions. Apropos of his "massive proportions," once when he chanced to stop at a tailor's shop in Glasgow, the proprietor regarding him admiringly, remarked: "Sir, what a peety it is to see such a proper shaped man spoilt by such a domn'd bad feeling coat!"—a

touch of Scotch flattery which took the susceptible Preceptor by storm.

Then there was Shorty's suit. Shorty is a man who, far back in the dim past, when he was young, resolved that eight feet was about the correct altitude and has been manfully struggling towards his ideal ever since with a very fair degree of success. Well, when Shorty donned his suit and appeared on deck for the first time there was a howl of wild applause. Several of the passengers burst into tears, and the Captain, who had taken refuge behind the mast, publicly forbade Shorty to come within sight of the man at the wheel if he had any regard for the safety of the steamer.

And then there was the rotund Eddie, whose beautifully fashioned "jeans" had a most embarrassing habit of ripping out unexpectedly, so that it became quite a common sight to see the lusty Eddie hop gracefully off his wheel every hour or so and stick himself full of pins in a vain attempt to repair damages.

And the "Assistant Preceptor's" suit—ye gods forbend! In his ordinary attire the "Assistant Preceptor" was mild-mannered, affable and dignified; but the instant he donned that bicycle suit his whole nature seemed to change with his appearance. He assumed a reckless manner, and the air of deep, dark badness with which he pulled his cap over his eyes was only surpassed by the rakish Don Juan-Lothario set of his coat and trousers. His morals suffered, too. Every hotel, inn or tavern that we approached he entered, usually aided and abetted by "Silent John" or "The Bugler," and then, while apparently engaged in convincing the proprietor that England was a howling wilderness compared with the United States, he would deftly "swipe"

anywhere from ten to twenty hotel cards, placards, pictures or anything else that chanced to be in sight. What with these kleptomaniac proclivities and his aggressive patriotism, usually manifested by wearing an American flag rampant in his cap, the whole party was in constant terror lest he should be arrested either for petty larceny or assault.

But, to return to the outward voyage. The humorous aspect of things began to make its appearance an hour or so after the start. About the time the steamer struck the heavy chop sea near St. Lafayette, a disinterested observer might have been impressed by the unobtrusive manner in which the party of bicyclists on the hurricane deck gradually melted away. "Noisy," who had for some time been assuming a pale pea-green cast of countenance, rose first and in a jaunty, light-hearted manner, remarked that "it was getting late, and he thought he'd go down stairs and read and—" but here his conscience (or his stomach) misgave him, and he fled frantically down the companion-way groaning audibly. But no one smiled; it was felt to be too solemn a moment for any undue levity. Suddenly three or four, struck by the same happy thought, rose impulsively and started for the stairs, observing as they disappeared that "they were going to write up their journals," "read their Testaments," "play cards,"—any excuse, however flimsy, went. But it is too painful a subject to linger over. Members of the Club will recall the meeting between the beloved Preceptor and the "Pallid Individual," the details of which are too shocking for public perusal.

On the vessel the meals were always more or less amusing—usually more. But "Noisy" never seemed to find them so. After he had lived for three days on a small piece of lemon and a couple of grapes, he finally decided that it was absolutely necessary for the sustaining

of life that he attend *one* meal. So on the following day the hearts of the assembled multitude were gladdened by seeing his cadaverous form come staggering down the stairs.

Robert (as "Noisy" sinks weakly into a seat)—"What can I bring you, sir?"

Noisy (feebly)—"What you got?"

Robert—"Fried sausage, fricasseed tripe, and —"

Noisy—"That's enough—Oh-h-h!!" (and he sprints frantically up the stairs again.)

These meals were a regular comic opera for those who were not eating at the time, and they uniformly grouped themselves in the saloon above and gazed down much as they would look into a bear garden at feeding time. The Stamfordites were more appalled than amused at first by some of the gastronomic customs evidently prevalent near the Hub. Whatever dessert chanced to be standing on the table was invariably consumed before the soup and amidst a sort of "catch as catch can" contest the raisins, figs, nuts, etc., would disappear into divers capacious pockets.

And then there was Loquacious (*i. e.*, "windy") George, who never took "but *one spoonful*" of jam and was always at a complete loss to understand why the dish was so empty.

And then the political discussions that used to take place at one end of the table, around which were grouped The Preceptor, The Orator, Noisy, Loquacious George and The Writer. Here is a typical one as The Writer remembers it:

The Orator (pounding vigorously on the table, much to Robert's terror)—"Yes, sir, I acknowledge Blaine's ability, but where are his principles? Where is his political honor? Tell me that!"

Loquacious George—"Hi! hi!!!"

Noisy—"Pass the nuts, please."

The Writer—"But, my dear fellow,—"

The Orator (fortissimo)—“I know what you are going to say, and you’re utterly wrong. ‘Tariff for revenue only’ is a mendacious misapprehension; and—”

Noisy—“Pass the jam, please.”

The Preceptor—“But don’t you think that—”

The Orator—“No, sir, I do not. It is your Mugwump element that destroys the unity of the party. Why, sir, we—”

Loquacious G.—“Good boy, Billie; that’s the time you got him. Just let the apples come down this way, will you?”

Noisy—“Pass the figs, please.”

The Orator (at the top of his voice)—“And as I was saying, sir, we must encourage the *consumption* of products and—Say, you chumps, you’ve just gone and eaten up all the dessert again! I call that blame mean.”

The menu cards, too, were one of the features of the voyage. Such concoctions and such high sounding nom de plumes which usually concealed nothing more appetizing than a sickly mixture of hash and pasty pastry. “Colonial Goose,” for instance, where the adjective presumably referred to the age of the fowl; “mediæval” would have been more appropriate. “Love in Disguise” was another. Eros certainly could not have adopted a safer hiding place, for the most ardent lover would have drawn back from penetrating those doughy depths.

The patriotic bill of fare which appeared on July 4th was another work of art. Starting with Democratic and Republican Soup, it plainly approved of Reciprocity in its “Cutlets à la Blaine” (which The Orator flatly refused to partake of), and kept up the good work by “Roast Beef and Harrison Pudding.” But The Preceptor bided his time and took three helpings of “Stewed Veal with Tammany Hall Sauce,” and the way The Orator devoured the “Protection Pudding

with McKinley Sauce” fully indicated the fervor of *his* political principles.

Of course, there was the usual round of anecdotes and stories told every night in the smoking room, most of them more or less ancient. Some, however, were entirely new to The Writer,—such as the harrowing tale told by a Canadian of a fellow countryman of his who chanced one winter to travel through Manitoba, where he was unfortunate enough to have his arms, legs, ears and feet frozen off, and whose only method of locomotion consisted in hopping gracefully around on the top of his head. The Doctor, however, carried off the palm by a tale of a rain storm he had once seen down by the Cape, which was so violent that it burst a barrel which was lying out on deck with both its heads stove in. The cause of this remarkable phenomenon, according to The Doctor, was that the rain came in at the bung-hole faster than it could run out at both ends. In this same storm he saw the rain stand four inches deep on the end of a broomstick. The Writer providentially had his fingers crossed during this interesting narrative or he would probably have died on the spot.

When the party were once fairly started on the other side, the bicycles proved an unfailing source of merriment. Every man had his idiosyncracies in regard to riding. “Noisy’s” method in mounting was unique. He would give a flying leap and land astride the handle, the back wheel, or any other convenient place (except the saddle). As one of the “mute inglorious Miltons” of the party expressed it in an unfinished poem—

“Then comes Noyes, who always rides
In reverie profound;
He gayly mounts and, with a bounce,
He straightway strikes the ground.”

The Preceptor, too, was a dangerous man to approach too closely when on his

wheel, especially when performing his far-famed act of riding with his hands off the handles. He probably covered more ground, in one sense, than any rider of the party. Once going out from Doune Castle he met an inoffensive English cyclist coming from the opposite direction. With blood in his eye, The Preceptor charged down upon him. The startled Englishman turned first one side and then the other, but in vain, until finally, with one of those "dull, sickening thuds" one reads of so much, the two machines collided and both riders plunged gracefully into an adjoining hedge. The force of the concussion was so great that The Writer, who was trundling gracefully along behind, was blown clear off his wheel, but struggled up in time to avert the imminent bloodshed.

Another time, at Rugby, The Preceptor was so affected by the smiles of a passing fair one, that he collided with "Wee Willie," and both went a la bull-frog into a ditch near by.

The Bugle and the Bugler! The Writer will never forget his feelings of mingled awe and apprehension when at the custom house in Glasgow he first saw the Bugler lovingly strap on a bright crimson cord with a still brighter instrument attached. The Writer began to suspect all the party of musical intentions, and glanced furtively around to see whether "Fatty" had a hand-organ concealed around his corpulent person, or the Assistant Preceptor showed any symptoms of unpacking a bass drum from any of his numerous bags. Still, however, the bugle added greatly to the joy and welfare of the party. It was always a great comfort when riding along to hear the swelling notes of that shiny instrument sound faintly some eleven or nine miles back and know that, barring accidents, the rest of the party would not have to wait more than two or three hours

for The Bugler, Assistant Preceptor and Silent John to rejoin them. "The Irrepressible" was another musical genius, but his talent manifested itself mainly in another direction. If in the dim distance he saw a team, a man, a dog, or even a hen, straightway he would commence a plaintive solo obligato on his bell and become so carried away by the melody that he would continue the performance some hours after the obstacle was passed.

In riding, Noisy had a distressing habit of falling into a semi-unconscious, trance-like state. When in this condition, he would run over anything, from a chicken to a cow, and then, awakening suddenly, would howl remorsefully—"O! Gee!!"

"Fascinating Freddie's" budding moustache interfered materially with his progress. Wheeling calmly along, he would suddenly be seized by an insane desire to note the growth of his treasure during the night, and immediately coming to a full pause, he would pull out his inevitable pocket looking-glass and commence investigations. Then, his curiosity satisfied for the time being, he would ride along a few miles further, become troubled in mind, and again repeat the process, and so on *ad infinitum*.

The Writer never thinks of Silent John without remembering a little pastoral scene, a regular eclogue, in fact, that once occurred on the road. The cyclists were seated out in a hay-field, satisfying their bird-like appetites with a few trifles, such as half a dozen loaves of bread, three gallons of milk and a couple of quarts of jam. Silent John, in his usual thrifty way, had secured a large piece of bread and spread about three inches of jam over its ample surface. This dainty morsel he carefully hid in the hay and started out for more. Then it was that Loquacious George, The Writer, and The Preceptor formed a syndicate and promptly hypothecated that bread and

jam. When Silent John returned and found his treasure gone,—

"Burned his swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—"This to me," he said."

At least he probably meant to express himself that way. What he really did say was,—"Somebody's swiped my bread and jam!" The Preceptor, with a duplicity ill-befitting his whitened locks and venerable appearance, tried to persuade Silent John that his bosom friend, The Irrepressible, was concerned in the theft, and the rest of the meal was disturbed by unseemly wranglings between these two, The Irrepressible vainly protesting his entire innocence of all knowledge concerning the nefarious act.

In Leamington, among the amusing incidents of the stay must be chronicled Shorty's feat of nocturnal oratory. Burning with a desire to emulate The Orator, he rose in his sleep one night, picturesquely clad, and extemporizing a rostrum out of a valuable porcelain bath-tub that chanced to be in the room, he commenced his maiden speech. Just as he was nearing the climax, the wretched tub, unable to sustain the combined weight of his arguments and his feet, subsided into several pieces. It cost Shorty some ten shillings to soothe the feelings of his landlady.

On the homeward voyage, Shorty's somnambulism came to the surface again. One night the other three inmates of his stateroom were awakened by blood-curdling cries of "Help! Murder!! Snakes!!! There was a moment of terrible suspense, and then The Orator leaped bravely out

of his berth, and arming himself with one of Loquacious George's shoes—no mean weapon,—went to the rescue. Shorty was highly indignant at being aroused, and could not be brought to believe that he had made any disturbance.

London was a fruitful place for amusing incidents. The Writer has a vivid picture in his mind now of "Lord Nelson" pedalling away for dear life, trying desperately to pull away from a two-hundred-pound policeman who had secured a firm grip on his coat tails. After the dispute in regard to the right of way had been settled and the party were going peaceably along again, Lord Nelson suddenly awoke from a brown study and observed: "I think I ought to have stopped right away; there was no sense in trying to pull away from that big cop." And the whole crowd yelled in unison, "How'd you guess it?"

It was Lord Nelson, too, who at Bishop Auckland bought a pint of green gooseberries and munched away at them for some time under the impression that they must be edible, "for the girl said so."

With apologies to the Preceptor, Assistant Preceptor, Fatty, Shorty, Lord Nelson, The Orator, Loquacious George, The Irrepressible, Silent John, The Bugler, Fascinating Freddie, Noisy and Wee Willie for any liberties he may have taken with their names and personalities, The Writer will close.

To quote from the farewell ceremony on board the Circassian,—“Rah! for Brookline and Stamford! for Yale and the High School!”

S. SCOVILLE, JR.

Linlithgow.

In a former paper of this series, the "Boy Politician" mentions a visit to Linlithgow. He speaks of it as a small town, containing an inn from which James G. Blaine sent his declination of the nomination to the presidency of the United States. I believe he incidentally mentioned the fact, also, that Linlithgow contains a ruined palace; now, it is to this palace that I wish to call attention.

While agreeing with the "orator" on the main point, *i. e.*, that a palace is to be seen there, I differ from him as to the place it should hold among the attractions of the town, for, to my unsophisticated mind, it seemed the chief, if not the only, attraction of the small Scottish burgh.

Our party, bereft of its leader, and deserted by the "Fairy of Fat" and two others who had pressed on to Edinburgh in search of fine raiment, rode into the court-yard of the castle, and were agreeably surprised to find no guides hanging about the entrance. Here was an emergency we were not prepared to meet, and we gathered about our temporary leader to consult. Our "Walking-Compendium-of-Useful-Information" offered to show us around and tell us all about the castle and its former inhabitants, but as we had already discovered striking proofs of his particular bias, his services were gently yet firmly refused, and we finally decided to draw upon the general fund to the amount required to purchase a penny guide-book which should tell us what to see and how to feel when seeing it. Directed by this guide-book, we traced our way through the labyrinth of rooms whose only ceiling was the blue vault of heaven and whose floor was the "all nourishing earth." We wandered through chapel, hall, and chamber, we ascended

flights of winding stairs to the battlements and turrets, we descended other flights into dungeons fashioned in the very bowels of the earth,—dungeons whose ceilings were so low that we all had to stoop to avoid projecting bumps—all except little "Two-Foot-Six," who had to crawl on his hands and knees. We found our way into the room where Mary Queen of Scots was born, and there we stopped a moment to muse on the fate of that beautiful but most unhappy woman—that is, we tried to, because we knew it was the proper thing to do, and some of us even succeeded so far as to look a little pensive.

Having thoroughly explored and inspected every corner of the interior, we went outside to obtain a view of the exterior. Situated on an eminence overlooking a small lake, its grey walls and towers rise to a commanding height, and look stern and forbidding in contrast to the quiet and peaceful beauty of the landscape. Linlithgow was built in ages when the king was frequently at war with his nobles, and presents the exterior of a strong and rugged mediæval fortress, although it was built as a royal palace, so that the ornamentation so profuse in the interior court is not found on the exterior.

To me, Linlithgow was the most fascinating of all the castles we visited. Nowhere else were we allowed to follow so freely the devices and desires of our own hearts in wandering over the ruins, and nowhere else did we get such a good idea of what the castle of the middle ages was like. Sitting in the spacious court we can easily picture to ourselves the steel-clad knights and lovely dames that we are so familiar with in the pages of Scott; here they seem real beings who

lived and felt in those far-off ages which have always seemed so shadowy and mysterious to us. What tales those walls could tell, had they tongues, of

"The banquet and the song,
By day the tourney, and by night
The merry dance, tread fast and light
The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,
The revel loud and long."

And what dark tales of battle and siege, of open murder and secret assassination, of men unjustly imprisoned in its dun-

geons, and of the lamentation for those slain at Flodden Field, those walls are treasuring in their secret depths! I cannot help being glad that wanton dragoons set fire to the place when they could use it no longer, for otherwise it would now be a carefully restored and preserved building with a lot of old relics in its halls and an officious guide to show them to tourists, instead of which it is a picturesque, interesting, and altogether charming ruin.

J. R. NOYES.

The People We Met.

New acquaintances were made immediately upon going aboard the steamer, but for some time the sociability of the party was not very pronounced. There was evident a general inclination to take one's rug, get into some unobtrusive corner, and spend the day in quiet meditation, disturbed only by a polite request presented every few minutes to rouse yourself and see whether the chair you were occupying did not belong to another, or whether the sea were not a little rougher than usual. Upon venturing near a person enjoying such a peaceful rest, you were usually greeted by a gruff voice with "What do you want?" "This is *my* chair," "I haven't got *your* rug." All of which tended more or less to dampen the ardor of one possessed of a social disposition.

At sea one soon learns from sad experience to give a wide berth to all seeming bundles of rugs, whatever their shape, size or condition may be. An incident in my own experience comes very vividly to mind. It was a foggy, drizzly day; the inclemency of the weather made it very disagreeable on deck, and Neptune made it more disagreeable below. Everybody was hunting for a more comfortable place, and everybody was meeting with disappointment. I was passing through the companion-way toward my stateroom when I spied a very tempting chair with numberless rugs thrown down upon it in the greatest confusion. Innocently enough I picked up a book and was just quietly sitting down when a faint voice came up from the very depths of those rugs: "Is this *your* chair? I am *so* comfortable!" Blushing and embarrassed I tendered a humble

apology and hastily withdrew. For the remainder of the voyage all, especially comfortable chairs, were carefully scrutinized before I sat down in them.

The captain of the "State of Nevada" was a jolly Scotchman. When not occupied with his duties he would help the passengers pass the monotonous hours by telling stories, or by assuring them that the boat was very steady, and that the rocking was all in their imagination. He was much given to getting up concerts, which were something appalling in the musical line. On one occasion our "funny man" occupied the chair. The leading attraction, placed number one on the program, was "College songs by the Yale Glee Club." It would scarcely be correct to state that the selections were all that might have been expected from the announcement. First the piano chased the "Club" then the "Club" chased the piano. Pools were formed and bets were made as to how far the piano would come out ahead, how many times the key would be changed, and whether one, two, or four notes were correct. By the time the selections were finished the excitement ran so high that the tremendous applause shook the boat. Cries of "More, more," "Never heard anything like it," resounded throughout the saloon. Next came a solo by our opera singer, of the Lillian Russell type; classical, very classical, so classical in fact that it was lost on our uncultured ears. The professor then followed with a reading. In the course of his introduction, he informed us that he had already received all the adulation one would wish for in this world; not caring to burden him we refrained from giving him any more. Af-

ter the reading came the intermission, during which we were served with ice cream, crackers and cheese. The second part of the program began with a selection by our worthy ship's captain, a Scotch song, sung in a most touching manner. It ended with a song from the ship's doctor, a remarkable man in his profession, prescribing fly-blisters for colic and posing as a specialist in lung fever cases. His selection marked the climax of the entertainment.

There were many odd people among our fellow passengers; one was the "funny man" who paraded the deck on the stormiest and coldest days in a pair of white tennis trousers, until, drenched with spray, he was compelled to go below. Next, I remember the genial medical man from Rhode Island; he weighed some two hundred and fifty pounds, and was afterwards met in London, where he was buying a thirty-pound bicycle for his own use. A lawyer, who never tired of the game, "Wrang Sou by the Lug," and a Presbyterian divine who spent the day playing "Hop Scotch" with the ladies, rise together before my mind's eyes. A Scotch maiden who danced Scottish reels and jigs on the deck; the Reverend Professor, who caused us much anxiety by appearing on deck in knickerbockers, but minus his hat; the interesting Scotch clergyman, who gave us talks on Edinburgh and Saint Giles cathedral, —all deserve honorable mention. But I must not omit from my list the mighty Hunter, who told us wild tales of shooting ten bears in a fortnight, and the fascinating young widow, by whose charms all were smitten.

By the end of the voyage we had made many acquaintances. Cards were exchanged, addresses given and promises made of meeting in Glasgow, Edinburgh or London. Throughout the trip we were continually running across one or

another of our fellow-voyagers. This was a constant source of pleasure to us, and we came to regard cathedrals and restaurants as special meeting places for the Nevada's passengers.

My article would be incomplete did I not pay a passing tribute to the New England Bicycle Annex. Whether at table d' hôte in Edinburgh, in the peanut gallery at the play, in the dim recesses of cathedral crypt or crumbling cloister, in "the Trossachs wild," or sitting by the side of the bubbling, babbling brooks in merrie England, the meeting was always enjoyable.

From what I saw of the Scottish people, they impressed me as being very frank, blunt, generous and hospitable, similar in many respects to our New England farmers. It would be a difficult matter to convince a son of New England that there could even be any spot on earth superior to his own rocky hillside pastures. So likewise did we find the Scotch, fond of their lochs, their heath, and, above all, their Clyde. I recall a little story told us by our guide as we were viewing the winding course of the river from Dunbarton Castle. A good old Scotchman was once pointing out to a Yankee some of the principal points of interest in this vicinity: the prison where Wallace was confined; an ancient arch built by the Romans in the fourth century; and last of all, as a crowning object of interest, he pointed to the Clyde. The Yankee was duly impressed, but failed to show such an amount of admiration as his guide thought fitting, and at last remarked that it wasn't much of a river compared with some of America's rushing torrents. Whereupon the Scotchman ejaculated, "Why, Good God, mon, we made that river ourselves!"

At Loch Katrine we heard for the first time the sound of the Scottish bagpipe.

One evening after supper, as we were rowing upon the loch we heard, far away in the distance, the strange music of this instrument. Rowing near the shore we lay back in our boat listening, and realizing for the first time that we were indeed in the Highlands, in the midst of the country made dear to us by Scott.

No people seem to me to be more thrifty or contented than the yeomen of the English lake region. While lunching at a farm house in this section of the country we had a good opportunity to observe the home of a typical English farmer. The picturesque thatched cottage, overgrown with vines, stood in the midst of a quaint old-fashioned garden, all abloom with flowers. On every side were cultivated fields, promising rich harvests, while on the hills were well-kept flocks. The farmer himself, a jovial, good-natured fellow, was very courteous and communicative, ready to give one all the associations and traditions of the place. His rosy-cheeked little ones were pictures of health and happiness, and appeared to be in perfect harmony with their peaceful surroundings.

It seemed strange to us to find what vague ideas the average Englishman has of America: its extent, its history and its magnificent distances. While we were visiting one of the colleges at Oxford, a gray-haired gentleman came up to one of the party and inquired if we were from America. Upon our replying in the affirmative, and stating that we came from New England, he continued: "I have a son in Minnesota; Mr. Smith; probably you've met him." We replied that we were very sorry; but, as it was some fifteen hundred miles away from our place of residence, we were not acquainted with Smith of Minnesota.

The following anecdote by a fellow voyager further illustrates the same point.

In crossing the channel he had once overheard a conversation between an Englishman and an American, who were discussing some well-known member of Parliament. "In some respects he reminds me of Grant," remarked the American.

"Graunt? awyes, Graunt. Let me see; Who was Graunt?"

The Yankee informed him. In the discussion of American matters that this led to, the Englishman inquired: "By the way, didn't you have a man shot over there some time ago? Lincoln—Lincoln I think his name was. What position did he hold?"

The London "Peelers" were fine, gentlemanly fellows, and we frequently entered into conversation with them. I remember one who, in a patronizing tone, told a member of our party that the British museum was well worth visiting, and affectionately referred to Westminster "Habby" as a "fine old place." It is perfectly marvellous how these men control the enormous amount of traffic in those crowded thoroughfares in such a quiet, unobtrusive style.

The soldiers, with their little round caps resting on one ear, intended more as a finishing touch to their well-brushed and well oiled hair than as a protection from the weather, are perfect pictures of self-importance as they saunter up and down the streets, three or four abreast. Some of our guides were curious characters. I remember the one who showed us Doune castle, for he was not only a guide but an author as well; he had also served through many campaigns, as his medal-covered coat testified. He interspersed his descriptions of the castle with favorable notices of his book. Another guide, I remember, had a habit of striking a theatrical attitude before he gave his answers to the crowd. Still another referred to the "mists of antiques" in a touching manner.

The pretty maids in the English inns are perfect pictures, every one of them, in their jaunty little caps and dainty white aprons. Such perfection of service is, alas! a treat to the average American.

In Paris we found the attendants in the shops almost too courteous and eager to please. The laboring classes in Paris are exceedingly tidy; the men wear long, blue frocks; and the women! well, their costumes and the way of dressing the hair were a source of wonder and amazement to me. I must not forget to mention the old clothes men, the crockery menders, the dog-barbers and the vendors of special editions of the daily papers. They seemed to me to have come straight out of Victor Hugo's romances, and to carry about their persons a great amount of historic interest. Then, at every corner there were the flower girls urging you to buy a boutonnière. The priests, with their broad-brimmed hats, rolled up at the sides, draped in their close belted, long, black gowns; the cab drivers with their trim uniforms of blue, faced with red, and their tall silk hats adorned with rosettes, and the soldiers in their gay uniforms, all presented a strange and varied picture to our unaccustomed eyes.

Many amusing experiences fell to our lot during the sojourn in Paris. Our first lunch, if it did not satisfy our hunger, certainly afforded us considerable amusement. The Stamford party, each man armed with a small guide-book containing a French-English vocabulary, started out for a café near by. Upon reaching the door of the restaurant, we delayed awhile, and by diligent use of our vocabulary, endeavored to prime

ourselves with the requisite amount of French. One of the party, with commendable bravery, ordered an omelet, and the waiter brought omelet for all of us. We ate it rather than discuss the question. The bread made its appearance in due season, but butter was not forthcoming. After a while I plucked up courage, racked my brain and demanded "Donnez-moi du beurre." The waiter looked rather dazed. I repeated my request. Immediately a bright smile appeared upon his countenance, and he went off with a beaming face, to return with a bottle of claret. The wine was accepted. I tried to look as if my order had been filled as I wished, and suggested that one of the other fellows make a try. After a while we succeeded in getting the butter, and then we all felt as if we had earned it with the sweat of our brains.

When we had finished the lunch, I went to the cashier to pay the bill. A charming young woman presided at the desk, and feeling that my French had been sufficiently aired for one day, I asked the sum in English. She answered in French. I replied in English. She smiled in French. I grinned in English. Realizing at last that such a state of affairs might continue indefinitely, our vocabulary was again called together, and we paid our bill, but we were unable to decide, upon mature reflection, which was the lesser evil, to order a dinner in French, or to go hungry.

Human nature, however, is a good deal the same, whether it be found in the dogmatic Scotchman, the sturdy Englishman, the vivacious Frenchman, or the cosmopolitan American.

FREDERICK T. LOCKWOOD.







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